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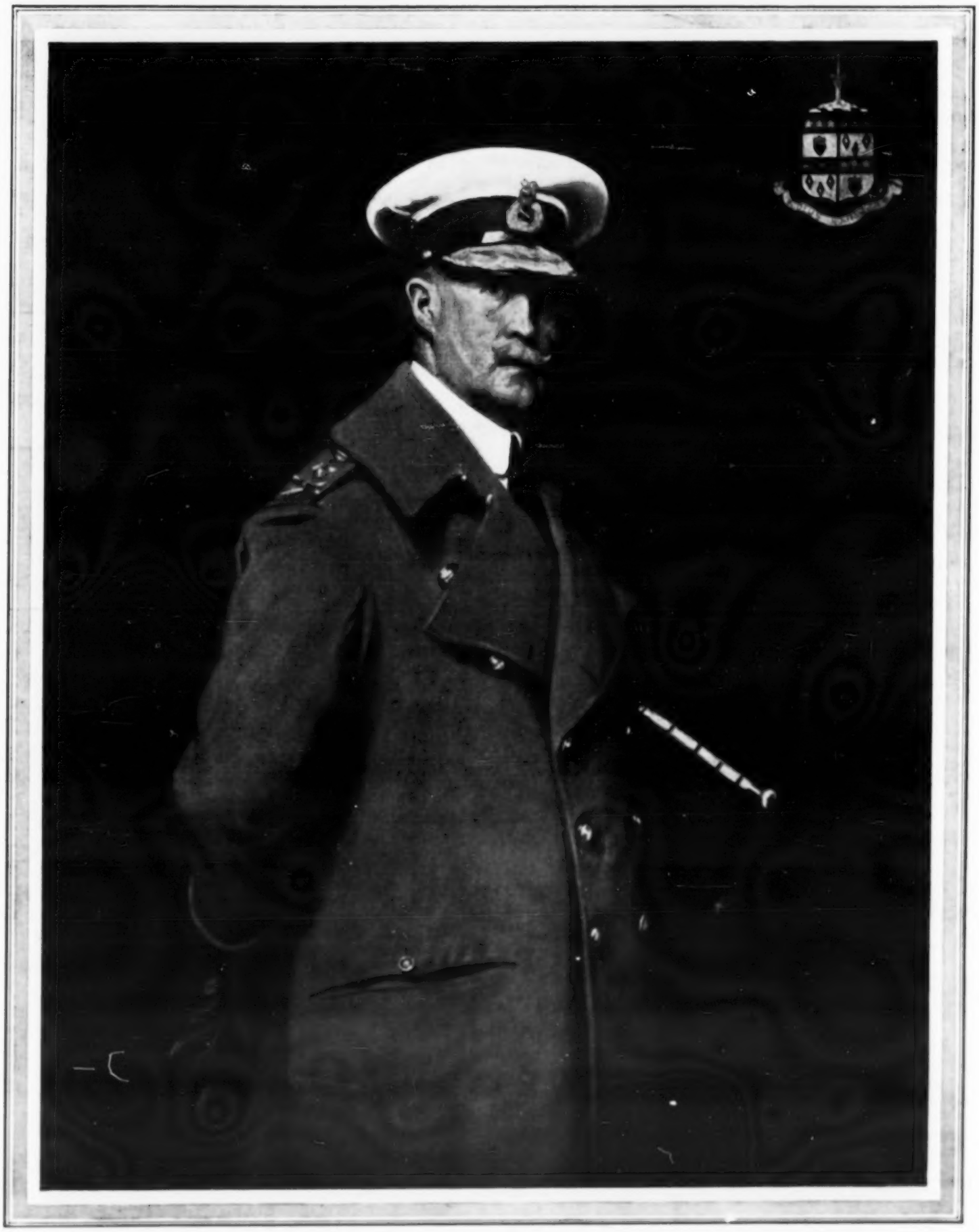
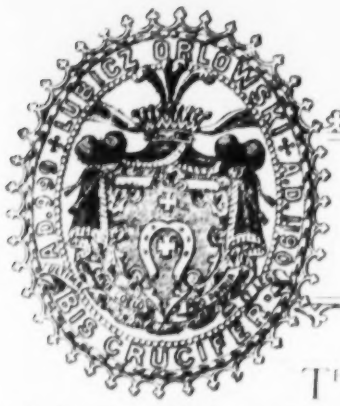


SUCCESSOR TO FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH AS CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF: GENERAL SIR CHARLES W. H. DOUGLAS, G.C.B.

General Sir Charles Douglas, that famous soldier who has taken up the duties of Chief of the Imperial General Staff in succession to Field-Marshal Sir John French, went to that post from that of Inspector-General of the Home Forces, to which he was appointed in 1912. He was born on July 17, 1859. Needless to say, he has had a very distinguished career, not only in time of war but in days of peace. He was made a K.C.B. in 1907, a G.C.B. in 1911.

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN ST. HELIER LANDER.



The Entente and "France Médiatrice"

(ACCORDING TO THE PROGRAMME OF COUNT ADAM ORLOWSKI).

THE Franco-Russian Entente suffers under German meddling; recall what the French Press has said. Russia, as represented by the Old Muscovites, an important party in the Duma, despite the practical lessons of Berlin, which desired to justify her actions in Alsace and Posen, has failed everywhere in the cause of progress and freedom, and has demonstrated her mettle in the East, among the peoples of Caucasia, in Armenia, in Poland, in Finland; betraying at every turn a policy tinged with nervousness. France has felt the consequences: as a result French opinion reproaches its Government with not carrying sufficient weight in Russia, for not asserting the position France holds in the civilised world. In place of a salutary influence exerted by France, what is seen? Consider the unsettled nature given to the horizon by the whimsical interventions of Russia, followed by withdrawals having deplorable effects; the holding out of the hand to friends great and small, from France to Montenegro, and then the turning of the cold shoulder. The Old Muscovites cut in diplomacy the figure of a bull in a china shop.

Moreover, whatever may seem the relations suggested between Russia and Germany by a strong unity of spirit, when the salvoes of Kronstadt proclaimed the Entente, the chief idea of the French statesmen was to counterbalance, with the aid of Russia, the power of the Triple Alliance. In exchange, Russia required funds for, as she said, the development of a common policy. The French have kept their engagements: the fifteen milliard francs they have paid would not have been too high a price for security; but France has not found that assistance she was justified in expecting, nor the means of asserting her mission of progress. Nevertheless, therein lay the secret of France's strength. [With this in mind, many will remember Count Orlowski's programme, "France Médiatrice," presented to the French Chamber in the form of an open letter.] But Russia saw in this Entente with France merely a bargain, and what a bargain!—a playing into the hands of the Old Muscovites, who pursue their way seeking to substitute their own initiative for that of the Tsar, cloud-veiled, like Jupiter on Olympus; and at the same time stifling the voices of such representatives of progress as Count Witte, who, it may be hoped, has not said his last word. Thus a party seeks to lord it over the Duma, leading Russia into dangerous paths. What does it matter to these Muscovites, the fifteen milliards having been already cashed? It was they who sold Alaska to the United States for thirty-five millions—Alaska, which now yields over a hundred millions a year; it was they who, by the purchase of claims in Korea and on the Yalu, let loose the dogs of war of Russia and Japan, a contest which resulted in a diminished Russia; it was they who stole a march on Germany and compelled her to undertake the Bagdad Railway concern. It is they who are sowing dissatisfaction amongst the citizens in Poland, Finland, Caucasia, and Armenia, by their methods of dealing with conditions of life, with privileges, and with fortunes—a matter whose gravity and extent are dealt with by the author of the programme, "France Médiatrice."

Yet, despite retrograde actions, the freedom of the Polish language has been discussed in the debates at St. Petersburg, and eminent Russians, of the Council of the Empire, desire to reintroduce it in the Polish law-courts, and into the Polish universities of Warsaw, Kieff, and Vilna.

It is to be feared that, in 1914, the light will no longer come from Kamchatka as Voltaire dreamed; but that a spark from there will fire the powder. The Hague Tribunal may lessen the catastrophe. There France Médiatrice would have the right to speak. An international scheme started by Count Orlowski has already produced a sensible current for the civilised against the non-civilised, whose home is in Berlin, whose misdoings are known in Alsace-Lorraine, in Posen, Hanover, Silesia, and Schleswig-Holstein. They it is who have infected Europe and have found adherents as far away as St. Petersburg. France must combat this spirit of persecution, even for the good of Russia; for the Old Muscovites have succeeded in creating about Finland between Sweden and Russia an antagonism such as is paralleled only by that between France and Germany in Alsace-Lorraine. Like the French, the Poles, the Swedes, the Caucasians, the Finns, the Armenians are not inclined to forget. One day, they will protest.

Sweden would avoid the fate of Poland, and appeals, therefore, to liberal Germany—not to Prussia—to England, to France, and to all liberal Governments. According to Press rumours, Prussia, in order to have free play with France, proposes the partition of Austria, offering Sweden as victim to the Muscovites. Sweden is a country whose mineral wealth is beyond valuation. The Old Muscovites covet this; but as the ownership of Swedish mines is forbidden the foreigner, they have come to think of getting possession without payment—by the annexation of Sweden and her ports, a project entertained by Peter I. In view of this contingency, the Swedes rely on the liberal states of Europe, and on their own resources, which are by no means negligible—they are sons of Odin, akin to Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII. Military service is compulsory. In peace the Army has a strength of 80,000. This total includes 30,000 commissioned and non-commissioned officers, a proportion accounted for by the fact that the Army in time of war would comprise over half a million men. It must be noted further that the male Swede is trained from the age of ten. The pupils at colleges and schools are taught to drill and to handle rifles under the direction of officers on the active list. Thus, as in Switzerland, the maximum of efficiency is attained. And though the numbers of the Army look less imposing than those presented by the Russian Minister of War, Sweden ranks her force high, knowing that it would fight with conviction, as did the Greeks at Salamis.

The Russification of Finland, the contempt for her old privileges, the imprisonment of her statesmen, the frequency of attempts at espionage, the construction of railways and forts frankly directed against Sweden, have become a nightmare to her. The Russian activity is equalled only by the Swedish counter-espionage, continually enlivened by "incidents." Recently, a Russian officer, said to have been caught red-handed in a fortress, was invited to leave Sweden within six hours. Russia did nothing to quieten the talk which followed this. On the contrary, she spoke openly of it; and the number of Russian officers in Sweden increased. Then Sweden joined voices with her national hero, Sven Hedin, whose cry that, in case of war and defeat, his country would become another Poland, caused an indescribable sensation. The people of Stockholm bore witness, with banners flying, to their determination not to come under the yoke. The Press in France asked: Has France nothing to say in this affair, into which she may be forced? Has she been consulted in any way as to this Russian scheme? When was the Quai d'Orsay enlightened? Now, more than ever, should the policy of France Médiatrice be considered. If France gives willingly to her allies the support of her army and her purse, it must be on condition of not being induced to enter into an immoral adventure and being thereby branded with inevitable failure. The affair is not one of guesswork, since the Swedish secret service obtained the plan of an invasion of Sweden by Russia which was to have taken place in 1905, and was frustrated by the Russo-Japanese War. This eventuality has not been disclosed to the French Government; and, despite the reasons given to account for the withdrawal of the Russian troops from the German frontier, it appears evident that, in the case of a conflict, Russia will hold herself aloof from her frontier on the plea that she is completing her mobilisation, which takes over two months. Should France emerge successful from a struggle with Germany, Russia will take her compensation in Sweden and in Germany; while, should Germany be victorious, Russia will take compensation in Sweden as the price of her neutrality. In this connection, it has been urged that such an insult to France as the withdrawal of the Russian troops could not have taken place under any French Ministry save that which, during the period of the Agadir question, made a compact with Prussia as to Morocco and the Congo.

A FRIEND OF PROGRESS: COUNT WITTE.

Now, Russia has everything to gain at present from an armed conflict. France should not think she is in similar case; and, before giving monetary aid, should demand from her Government sureties, guarantees, precise knowledge for herself and for Great Britain and others concerned. France, comes the cry, must refuse financial assistance if it is to be used to encourage the Old Muscovites' activity amongst peoples, but let her open wide her banks if the funds are to be spent in increasing Russia's ability to create a diversion on the German frontier. The danger to the nations of the Old Muscovite policy is clear; it menaces from the Balkans to India; it may provoke unjust war. Agreement with it would make France an accomplice in future Russian disasters.

Easter unites the truly Christian peoples, and many will agree willingly with the patriotism of the recent reply, attributed to General Soukhomlinov, to Pan-German attacks, will say, May good fortune and the strength of the Russian Army, which is apparent from the words of that General, ensure the integrity of Russia, as well as that of the sister nations wronged by Berlin—France and Poland. We see Poland, the fair Cinderella of the world, exalted by the Genius of the Nations, soar free to the blue sky as Psyche in the arms of Love.

POLAND EXALTED: "PSYCHE AND LOVE"—AFTER THE PICTURE BY BARON GÉRARD IN THE COLLECTION OF COUNT ADAM ORLOWSKI.

THE "NO COERCION OF ULSTER" MEETING IN HYDE PARK.

Photograph by Record Press.

THE HEART OF THE DEMONSTRATION: SIR EDWARD CARSON ON HIS PLATFORM; WITH A DENSE CROWD ABOUT HIM.

A demonstration having as its cry, "No Coercion of Ulster," was held in Hyde Park on Saturday, April 4. There were fourteen platforms, from which many of the foremost spokesmen of the Parliamentary Opposition addressed the crowd—notably Sir Edward Carson, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Lord Milner, Mr. Walter Long, Lord Londonderry, Lord Robert Cecil, Lord Charles Beresford, Mr. F. E. Smith, and Mr. Balfour, the ex-Prime Minister, who thus made his first and, as he explained, possibly his last speech in Hyde Park. The resolution was: "We protest against the use of the Navy and the Army to drive out by force of arms our fellow-subjects in Ireland from their full heritage in the Parliament of the United Kingdom. And we demand that the Government shall immediately submit this grave issue to the people."

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"OUR NOTE-BOOK."

We much regret to say that illness made it impossible for Mr. G. K. Chesterton to contribute "Our Note-Book" for this issue. We trust that in our next number his weekly article will appear as usual.

PARLIAMENT.

ALTHOUGH feeling in the House of Commons continued unusually bitter and its club life was without much of its savour, a pacific tone characterised the greater part of the debate on the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill. There was a general profession of the desire for a solution which would avoid turmoil, and some of the utterances from the back benches were of a specially conciliatory character. A personal success was secured, for instance, by the earnest, finely phrased, and well-delivered speech in which Sir Mark Sykes, one of the ablest of the younger Unionists, pleaded for a prompt arrangement, and urged that Ulster should be excluded pending the devising of a federal system. "Federal" was for several days the Lobby catchword. Strenuous sections of Members on both sides held meetings to promote such a system. The two Front Benches and the majority of each Party adhered, however, for the time to their own points of view, and pursued the familiar round of controversy. Mr. Balfour, whose health appears to be excellent, and who is giving to his party the full benefit of his sagacity and experience, insisted that the Home Rule Bill should be submitted to the people before, and not after, its passage into law. He had never been a believer in cutting up the United Kingdom, but if a moderate form of devolution would solve the difficulty he would not stand in the way. The Government plan to leave Ulster out for a limited term of six years he considered an impossible plan. Mr. Balfour suspected that their refusal to take the opinion of the country on the Bill was due to a compact with the Nationalists, but Mr. Herbert Samuel denied the existence of a secret obligation of any sort or kind, and declared that it was only after the Bill had been placed on the statute-book that men of different parties could come together and discuss further changes in our constitutional arrangements. About the Bill itself very little was said in the course of the debate, which occupied four days. The Army controversy, on the other hand, ran through it. Mr. Balfour pointed out that while soldiers must, of course, obey the orders of the Government of the day, this carried with it the implication that they should not be required to do what was against their conscience; whereupon Mr. Samuel retorted that, as a result of that doctrine, the mess-room would become a legislative chamber. In the House of Lords, where the Army question was deeply probed, a sensation was caused by an alteration made by the Lord Chancellor in the Hansard report of a speech. Viscount Haldane having assured the Peers that no orders would be issued for the coercion of Ulster, they were amazed to discover that in the official report he inserted the qualifying word "immediate" before "coercion." This, as he explained when challenged on the point, conformed with the context, where it was laid down that any menace against law and order must be dealt with. The change, however, came "rather as a rude shock" to Lord Lansdowne and his colleagues. Fortunately, in spite of these distracting controversies, attention has been secured occasionally by reformers for less exciting subjects, and one of Mr. Galsworthy's appeals in his recent indictment of Parliament for heartlessness was met on Friday, April 3, when the House of Commons gave a second reading to Colonel Hall Walker's Bill to prevent the exportation of unfit horses. In this act of charity to "old and faithful servants" the two sides united.

TWO NOVELS.

THE author of "The Finger of Mr. Blee," a happy hit, has bobbed up again with a nautical comedy. The setting of "Oh, Mr. Bidgood!" (John Lane) handicaps it. There is something tedious in the light side of shipboard taken at any length. Mr. W. W. Jacobs knew that when he packed his wittiest work into the compass of a short story. Mr. Peter Blundell does his best to make up for the limitations of a ship by working hard with conspirators, melodrama, plots and counterplots, and a contraband cargo. He succeeds in filling three hundred and forty pages with assorted incidents, but is only intermittently mirth-provoking. He would do better, we feel sure, on a smaller canvas. Humourists are scarce, and as he is one, we wish him greater fortune in his next venture.

To come to Feodor Dostoevsky's "The Possessed" after reading the above is to turn from a Punch and Judy Show to Shakespeare. Mr. Heinemann's publication and Miss Constance Garnett's admirable translation of the novels have brought them to the English nation. However, the atmosphere of these books, so dense about the struggle between the idealist and the material madness of the world, is at once too local and too obscure for our public. A significant passage from St. Luke precedes "The Possessed": "*Then went the devils out of the man and entered into the swine: and the herd ran violently down a steep place into the lake and were choked.*" It throws its own light on the fate of Shatov, who "was one of those idealistic beings common in Russia, who are suddenly struck by some overmastering idea which seems ... to crush them at once, and sometimes for ever"—Shatov, butchered in the end by the conspirators. "The Possessed," with its flashes upon the trampling, squealing herd, and its closing scene of the suicide of Nikolay Vsyevolodovitch, at whose inquest the doctors "positively rejected all idea of insanity," is a composition, haunting and terrible, conceived in Dostoevsky's most vision of an unhappy people.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND SEALERS.

(*See Illustrations.*)

AS we, in the British Isles, experience the call of the sea, the hardy islanders of Newfoundland become fascinated each spring by the call of the ice. Thousands of them—cod-fishers, railway-workers, miners, and others engaged in many callings—throw up their work and travel sometimes hundreds of miles to St. John's (the starting-point of the sealing fleet) with the one desire to get signed on as a sealer to share in this strange harvest of the sea.

The voyage lasts about a month or six weeks, and the work throughout, until a full cargo is obtained, is of a most arduous nature. The dangers to be faced are manifold; while beyond this it is almost a gamble whether the trip will prove a success or failure: this depending on how soon or in what numbers the young seals (which provide the greater part of the catch) may be found.

As an inducement to ensure the enterprise being remunerative, the owners of the sealing-vessels give the captain, officers, and ordinary crew a bonus (based on a percentage of the value of the cargo obtained) in addition to their wages. The sealers, however, with the exception of the rations supplied, receive a percentage value of the cargo only for their work; hence it behoves each and every man aboard to do his best; and the rivalry among the fleet to secure the best cargo becomes intense.

Both steel and wooden vessels being engaged in the work, the latter are given two or three days' start from port to compensate them for their slower progress through the ice. The killing of seals commences on a fixed date for all—namely, March 16.

The seals' instinct prompts them to rear their young on those floes which are surrounded by very heavy and rugged ice; and when such floes are met with by the sealers, the excitement aboard is unbounded, as the hunters know that their quarry is not far distant. Ramming operations are then conducted until a fissure is made in the ice, the work being technically known as "chiselling the fence"; but, should the ramming prove ineffective, blasting becomes imperative. The sealers leap on to the ice, bore holes ahead and on either side of their vessel, and insert canisters of gunpowder attached to long poles. A fuse is lighted, and the men scatter until the charges have exploded, when they return, and with long poles push the broken ice astern, and the vessel gets under way.

On arrival at the ice-fields each man is provided with an outfit, consisting of a gaff-hook, a coil of rope, a sharp knife and belt, and spikes for putting in the soles of his boots. When fairly among the seals, the men are divided into watches of about twelve men, with a "master" in charge of each watch; a day's rations is handed to each. "All hands out!" is the order from the captain on the bridge, and with the ship still ploughing through the ice every available man scrambles overboard. Work now begins in earnest: the young seals, unable to offer resistance, are easily killed by a sharp blow on the head from the gaff; the parent seals disappearing rapidly through a bob-hole in the ice, or in many instances sharing the fate of their offspring, which they refuse to leave.

When all the seals in the immediate vicinity have been killed, by the dexterous use of a sharp knife the pelts are removed whole, and the carcases, being of no commercial value, are left on the ice. The pelt is the term applied to the skin with the blubber attached, the blubber being usually four or five inches in thickness on the young seals. Each party of sealers, by means of their ropes, haul the skins to spots chosen by the master of the watch, where they are piled up, and a distinctive flag (carried by each individual boat) is erected. This is termed making a "pan" of seals. The vessel threads its way through the ice towards each "pan," which is hauled aboard by steam-winches. In the meantime, the sealers, having gone further afield, carry on the killing until nightfall. Since the young seals take to the water when only ten days old, no time can be lost, and all is bustle aboard, as, after entering the water, they lose blubber rapidly and consequently depreciate in value.

The hardships endured by the sealers are almost inconceivable, and any day they may meet a terrible death from one of the following and many other causes.

1. With the wooden vessels there is always the risk of becoming wedged between masses of heavy ice, the pressure of which crushes the ship, instances being on record where, in this extremity, to save their lives, the crew have had to abandon their vessel hurriedly and take to the ice, dragging their small boats with what scanty provisions they could save, hoping to make land or to be picked up by another sealing vessel, losing, perhaps, a full cargo, the result of a month's strenuous labour.

2. A false step taken from one floe to another, especially when the ice is in a broken state, and a man might disappear never to be seen again, as the whole mass of ice is constantly on the move.

3. In leaving or regaining the vessel the risk taken is considerable, as no stop is made for such purpose.

4. But of all risks, the sudden climatic changes which occur in these regions prove the most prolific cause of fatal accidents. Severe snowstorms accompanied by a biting wind may suddenly overtake a party of men working a long way from their ship, break up the ice, and isolate them on a small floe, thus cutting off the only chance of escape, and few could hope to survive a night under such rigorous conditions. By wrapping up in the skins of freshly killed seals and huddling closely together for warmth, some have been known to have survived such a terrible ordeal and to have been picked up the next day still alive, greatly to the astonishment of their rescuers.

As an instance of the great fascination which the sealing trips have for the natives of Newfoundland, it was the proud boast of one of them—an independent man, the owner of a fleet of fishing schooners—that he held the record of going to the ice-fields for forty-nine springs without a break, and still hoped to go many more.

The vastness of the sealing industry may be imagined when it is stated that a single vessel may return with [illegible] seal-skins as its cargo; while it is computed that the total number of seals killed each spring amounts to nearly [illegible].

W. BOOK.

THE SEALING DISASTER: AT DANGEROUS WORK ON ICE-FLOES.

Photographs by Courtesy of the "Metropolitan Magazine."

1. DRAWN TOWARDS THEIR SHIP'S SIDE: SEALERS AND A PILE OF SEAL-SKINS ON AN ICE-FLOE.

2. WORK WHICH IS ALWAYS DANGEROUS, AS THE MEN MAY FIND THEMSELVES ADRIFT ON THE ICE AT ANY MOMENT: SEALERS OPENING A PAN, OR PILE OF SEAL-SKINS.

As we record under a double-page of photographs published elsewhere in this issue, a terrible disaster overtook men of the sealer "Newfoundland" the other day, and seventy-seven of those caught by a blizzard while working on ice-floes three or four miles from their ship, perished. The King, telegraphing to the Governor, St. John's, Newfoundland, said: "I have received with profound regret the news of the terrible calamity which has befallen the crew of the steamer 'Newfoundland.' The Queen and I deeply deplore the great suffering and loss of life involved, and wish to offer our sincere sympathy with the friends of those who have perished."

THE WORK MEN OF THE "NEWFOUNDLAND" WERE DOING WHEN

SEALING ON THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER IN

1. AT WORK ON THE ICE DURING SEALING: MAKING A PAN OR PILE OF SKINS.
2. THE SEALER WHOSE CREW WERE CAUGHT IN A BLIZZARD WHILE ON ICE-FLOES: THE "NEWFOUNDLAND."
3. IN THE HOLD OF A SEALER: SEALERS AND THEIR BUNKS.
4. AS THE UNFORTUNATE MEN OF THE "NEWFOUNDLAND" WERE WHEN CAUGHT BY THE BLIZZARD: SEALERS ON AN ICE-FLOE.

A telegram from St. John's, Newfoundland, dated April 2, stated that a wireless message sent from Belle Isle Strait by the sealer "Florizel" reported that 120 men of the sealer "Newfoundland" had been caught in a blizzard on the Tuesday while out after seals on ice-floes three or four miles from the ship. Later, the Captain of the "Bellaventure" telegraphed: "I have on board 34 survivors, 5 being serious cases. I have also aboard 58 dead, and think the total number of dead is at the very least 70. Reports from the steamer 'Newfoundland,' through the 'Florizel' and the 'Stephano,' which are nearer her than I am, say she is not yet certain how many men she had on the ice when the blizzard began. They report having aboard 7 dead and 2 alive. We three ships are working towards the 'Newfoundland,' but the ice is very heavy and tight." Later still, he telegraphed: "I have just reached the steamer

THE STORM CAUGHT THEM ON ICE-FLOES MILES FROM HELP.

WHICH SEVENTY-SEVEN LIVES WERE LOST.

5. WITH A YOUNG HARP SEAL: A SEALER'S DOCTOR.
6. A CINEMATOGRAPH-OPERATOR ABOARD A SEALER: MR. BOOL IN SEALING KIT.
7. A CONSTANT DANGER: SEALERS ON A FLOE BROKEN AWAY FROM THE MAIN ICE.
8. MOUNTING TO A PELT-COVERED DECK: MEN OF A SEALER CLIMBING INTO THEIR SHIP.
9. TO ILLUSTRATE THE DIFFICULTIES OF NAVIGATION: THE ICE-COVERED WATERS SEEN FROM THE BARREL (OR CROW'S NEST) OF A SEALER.

"Newfoundland" and have checked the figures by her roster, and find she had 189 total crew. Of these 112 are safe, but 38 are on sick-list. Total dead is 77, of which 69 bodies have been recovered, the remaining 8 being lost amid the floes. The "Bellaventure," it may be noted, was nine hours ramming her way through four miles of ice to reach the scene of the disaster. With regard to the seal the ship's doctor is seen holding in the fifth photograph, it may be noted that this is a young harp seal, some three or four days old, from Newfoundland ice-floes. The islanders call these "white coats." They form the greater part of the catch. As young seals take to the water when only ten days old, every endeavour is made to catch them before they attain this age; after it their value lessens, for they lose blubber rapidly. While a "white coat" may have four or five inches of blubber, a full-grown seal will only have about half an-inch.

PORTRAITS & PERSONAL NOTES.

Photo. Whitlock.

THE LATE BRIGADE-SURGEON EDWARD HOPKINS.

An Army Surgeon who served in the Mutiny and accompanied Lord Roberts to Kandahar.

Photo. Lafayette, Dublin.

THE LATE PROFESSOR J. H. POYNTING.

Professor of Physics in the University of Birmingham.

Brigade-Surgeon Edward Hopkins, who died recently near Llandilo, served with great distinction in India in former days as an Army surgeon. He was born in 1836 of an old Welsh family, and claimed lineal descent from one Meddygon Myddfai, physician to Rhys Gryg, Lord of Dynevor and Ystrad Towy. His ancestors had practised medicine from the thirteenth century onwards. He himself qualified at the Middlesex Hospital, and after taking his degree in 1858 joined the Army Medical Service and was immediately ordered to India on active service in the Mutiny. He arrived just before the fall of Delhi. In 1863 he again saw fighting in the North West Frontier campaign. He also served in the Afghan War in 1878–80, and took part in the famous march from Kabul to Kandahar with Lord (then Sir Frederick) Roberts. In 1884–5 he served in the Nile Expedition.

Paul von Heyse, the veteran German writer, who died at Munich on the 2nd, has been called the creator of the short story in German literature. He was particularly successful in that form of literary art, and it was a story called "L'Arrabiata," in his first volume of *Novellen*, published in 1855, which brought him fame. He was born at Berlin in 1830. In 1854 he accepted the invitation of King Max of Bavaria to live in Munich, and join the literary and artistic circle which that monarch had gathered about him. He was a most prolific writer, and published no fewer than 24 volumes of short stories, 9 novels, 9 books of poems, 30 plays, and various criticisms and translations. His life at the Munich Court is described in his "Jugenderinnerungen" and in his novel, "Im Paradiese." In 1910 he was awarded a third part of the Nobel Prize for Literature.

Photo. Bassano.

THE LATE PAUL VON HEYSE.

The famous German Novelist, Poet, and Dramatist.

Mr. Kaines Smith, who has been appointed Official Guide at the National Gallery, is a University Extension lecturer, and has given demonstrations in the Museum at South Kensington. He is the author of "Greek Art and National Life," and has just gone to Greece from whence he will return by way of the picture galleries of Italy) in connection with another book on which he is engaged, "The Nature of Beauty," to be published in the autumn. A deputy will take his place at the National Gallery during his absence. Two lecture parties of not more than twenty-five are conducted round every morning, from 10.15 to 11.15 and from 11.30 to 12.30. Since the "Venus" exploit only half the Gallery is opened at a time, in order to concentrate the protective forces of the Crown. Official guides have also been appointed at the Tate Gallery and the Wallace Collection.

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MR. S. C. KAINES-SMITH.

Recently appointed Official Guide and Lecturer at the National Gallery.

THE RIGHT REV. G. F. BROWNE, D.D.

Bishop of Bristol, whose Resignation is announced.

Dr. G. F. Browne, Bishop of Bristol, who, it was recently announced, decided to resign at Easter, has held the see since 1897. From 1869 to 1875 he was Rector of Ashley, and later became a member of the Council of the Senate of Cambridge University, and from 1887 to 1892 was Disney Professor of Archæology. In 1891 he was appointed a Canon of St. Paul's, and four years later became Bishop of Stepney.

Dr. Robert Fraser, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Dunkeld, in Perthshire, died recently after a very short illness. He was a native of Aberdeenshire, and received his theological training, first at Blair's College, Aberdeen, and afterwards at St. Edmund's College, Douai, and the Scots College at Rome. After being for a time Professor of Latin at Blair's College, he returned to Rome in 1897 as Domestic Prelate to Pope Leo XIII. Later he became Rector of the Scots College. It was only last year that he succeeded Dr. Angus MacFarlane at Dunkeld.

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THE LATE RIGHT REV. ROBERT FRASER, D.D.

Roman Catholic Bishop of Dunkeld.

German airmen have of late been accomplishing remarkable feats, and have captured some of the records previously held by Frenchmen. Herr Otto Linnekogel, for example, recently made a world's record for altitude, by rising in a Rumpler monoplane to a height of 20,800 feet. Not long before this he had broken the record for an altitude flight with a passenger, at the Johannisthal Aerodrome, near Berlin. Carrying a naval officer, he reached a height of about 17,000 feet. On that occasion also he used a Rumpler monoplane. The previous height record had been made by the late M. Perreyon, who was afterwards killed in an accident.

In spite of the advances said to have been made in the construction of aeroplanes and the science of aviation, in the direction of greater safety, fatal accidents continue to be lamentably frequent, not only in this country, but also on the Continent. Three French airmen lost their lives on April 1—M. Emile Vedrines at Rheims, and M. Pierre Testulat with his passenger, at Chalons camp. M. Emile Vedrines was a younger brother of M. Jules Vedrines, the famous airman who has made so many remarkable flights, including that from Paris to Cairo. The disaster occurred while M. Emile Vedrines was testing a new monoplane. It fell from a height of about fifty feet.

Photo. Record Press.

THE LATE M. EMILE VEDRINES.

The French Airman who was killed recently in an accident at Rheims.

Photo. Record Press.

HERR OTTO LINNEKOGEL.

The German Airman who recently beat the world's altitude record.

HOLY WEEK IN THE ETERNAL CITY: THE ASCENT OF THE SCALA SANCTA.

DRAWN BY G. D'AMATO.

CLIMBING THE HOLY STAIRCASE ON THE KNEES: THE FAITHFUL FOLLOWING THE PATH CHRIST IS SAID TO HAVE TROD ON HIS WAY FROM THE JUDGMENT HALL OF PILATE TO CALVARY.

Near to the Basilica of St. John Lateran, the cathedral of Rome, stands a building in which is the Scala Sancta, removed to it from the old Lateran Palace by order of Pope Sixtus V. This Holy Staircase is supposed to be that descended by Christ on His way from the Judgment Hall of Pilate to Calvary; and legend has it that the Empress Helena brought it from Jerusalem. The veined white marble steps are twenty-eight in number, and may be ascended only on the knees. To prevent their destruction, Pope Clement XII. had all of them, save the last, covered with walnut. At the top of the flight is an Oratory, known as the Sancta Sanctorum, and to this the clergy only are admitted. In the Oratory is a picture of the Saviour which is called miraculous, as it is said of it that it was begun by St. Luke and finished supernaturally while he slept. The faithful are here seen ascending the staircase in Holy Week, as an act of penance and to gain indulgence in the life to come; such ascents are now confined to Easter-tide; some climb the stairs two hundred times a year. The ascent of the Scala Sancta only is made; for the descent, staircases on either side are used.

Literature

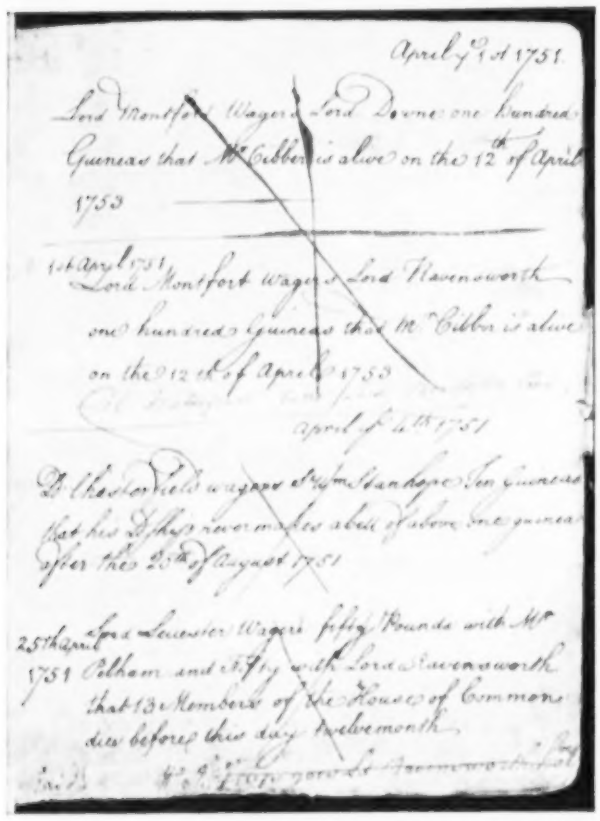
Club Makers and Club Members.

Much research must have gone to the compiling of Mr. T. H. S. Escott's record of "Club Makers and Club Members" (Unwin); and inasmuch as for this book of gossip the veteran journalist has drawn not only on the historical and biographical, but also on the anecdotal data of his subject, he provides here plenty of first-rate entertainment. He opens, it is true, a little pontifically, with his glance at the clubs of classical times and lands; but the moment he reaches Hoccleve, the mediæval Anglo-Saxon rhymer—whom, on the strength of the Court of Good Company, he reckons the first English clubman and club-founder—his pages attain a brightness which not even the necessity he is under of resorting sometimes to the *catalogue raisonné* succeeds, save rarely, in dimming. "The evolution of the club," he remarks, "may be summed up as the progress from a house of call to a centre of interest, a school of character, and a social training ground." The famous society of the Mermaid, established by Raleigh, is to be ranked as still very much in the "house of call" stage, though there were elements in it of the other qualifications, and it helped at least to assemble the craft of letters. Later organisations, from the days of Jonson to Johnson, brought about a more distinct fusion of classes, but still adhered to the old Bohemian traditions; even "The" Club of Sir Joshua Reynolds and the great Cham's founding, which it may surprise some people to know is still in existence, had its meeting-place in the tavern. By the seventeenth century London clubs had taken on national activities; they intrigued to dispose of the throne and alter the dynasty. Their ambitions diminished in the succeeding century, and they were content to deal with parties and Ministries in place of meddling with the Crown; but their character still remained largely political. So that it is not surprising to find that the oldest of the great extant clubs—as White's and Brooks's—if not actually political in their origin, soon served party ends. White's as the favoured rendezvous of the Tories gave place to the Carlton, just as did the club beloved of Fox to the Reform. But the purely social ideal had to make a hard fight to maintain itself against sectarian interests. It triumphed in Gillion's, in the Cosmopolitan, and in the Travellers, as, of course, in the later-founded and more homely institutions of the Garrick and the Savage. Of all these and the many other clubs devoted to the Services, the Universities, sport and (as in the instance of Crockford's) high play, of their leading spirits, their *chefs*, their wines, their vogues, Mr. Escott writes with unfailing vivacity and information. Famous names figure on every page, and good stories in every chapter. Not the least interesting of many interesting illustrations which adorn his text is the replica of a page from White's Betting Book, here reproduced.

COOK, WIT, AND PHILANTHROPIST: ALEXIS SOYER, THE FAMOUS CHEF OF THE REFORM CLUB.

Alexis Soyer ruled the kitchens of the Reform Club from 1837 to 1859. During the Irish famine he was sent over by the Government to build and control public kitchens for the issue of rations; and, with Florence Nightingale, he reorganised the victualling of army hospitals when the Crimean War began.

From "Club Makers and Club Members."



April 9th 1751.

Lord Montfort Wagers Lord Downe one hundred Guineas that Mr Cibber is alive on the 12th of April 1753

1st April 1751 Lord Montfort wagers Lord Ravensworth one hundred Guineas that Mr Cibber is alive on the 12th of April 1753

April 9th 1751

Dr Chesterfield wagers Mr Stanhope Ten Guineas that his Lady never makes a bill of above one guinea after the 25th of August 1751

25th April 1751 Lord Leicester Wagers fifty Pounds with Mr Pelham and Fifty with Lord Ravensworth that 13 Members of the House of Commons die before this day twelvemonth.

A RECORD OF HISTORIC WAGERS: A PAGE FROM THE BETTING BOOK AT WHITE'S IN 1751.

"As to the historic bets at White's, they are to be studied at length in Mr. Algernon Bourke's volume, exclusively devoted to them."

From "Club Makers and Club Members," by T. H. S. Escott.

"Italian Yesterdays."

Mrs. Hugh Fraser has a pretty gift of descriptive phrases ("descriptions" is to be avoided as a dismal word), and her book of "Italian Yesterdays" (Hutchinson) gives her plentiful occasions for its pleasant exercise. She is not the only author who seeks to evade the Italy of to-day. Of the Italy of to-morrow a certain company of Futurist writers have told us their hopes: factory-smoke, iron buildings, arsenals, a universal cannonade. In the Italy of yesterday the lover of clear skies and peaceful citadels has a thousand joys; the architecture, the agriculture, the happiness, that have since changed. Not a few, indeed, make believe that these things have not changed, and will tell you both of customs and costumes as though they existed still. They do not exist, and the Italy of to-day is a place either of illusion or disillusion, and, either way, of bitterness. Who shall say that the word is too strong? A tract—the best tract—of the Appian Way has just been turned into a boulevard, its walls replaced by iron railings, its aged pines by new Christmas tree firs, its immemorial pavement by macadam; the solitary churches on the Cælian and the Aventine are also newly iron-railed, so is the foot of the Palatine; a most vainglorious bridge bordered with imitation Rodin sculpture, dwarf obelisks, and Fames and Victories despises the ancient bridges of the Tiber; suburbs made of houses of the shape of dominoes (sixes) stand where lay the ancient solitudes; the once charmed gardens are cut up by smart roads. Most of the writers are silent before such an ambiguous Rome. So with a Venice of smirched skies and blackened marbles. Mrs. Fraser's very frontispiece is the view of a Tiber before ever an embankment or a girder bridge had touched him. "Yesterdays" are the yesterdays of many yesterdays in this discursive book, so that we go back as often to the martyrdom of St. Cecilia and to the impiety of Tullia as to the troubles of the last Pope but two. Little is new, but much is true, and all is prettily told. Some repeated slips in Italian, such as *Populo* for *Popolo*, must surely be attributed to the press rather than to the pen of one who knew her Italy not as the visitor knows it, but with the long knowledge of a child.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY POLITICAL DEMONSTRATION IN CLUBLAND: ST. JAMES'S STREET AND WHITE'S IN 1733.

"In 1733 the burning of Arthur's earlier premises at the corner of St. James's Place had driven him to Gaunt's Coffee House, near the Palace end of the street. Here, then, on October 30, 1736, the Club's original and only code was compiled. It was White's temporary abode between the destruction of its earlier home and its settlement in 1733 beneath its present roof."

FORMERLY A FAMOUS GAMBLING "HELL": CROCKFORD'S, NOW THE DEVONSHIRE CLUB, IN 1828.

"To belong to Crockford's one did not need to be a gambler, but one had to be something of a personage. . . . The Salmonger (William Crockford) was fifty-two when he opened his 'hell' in 1827. . . . Crockford's, like known 'hells' of every kind, received its death-blow from the Report of the House of Commons Gambling Committee, 1844."

Illustrations: Reproduced from "Club Makers and Club Members," by T. H. S. Escott, by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

THE WASHING AWAY OF SIN: PILGRIMS AT SACRED WATER.

Photographs by Underwood and Underwood.

With vessels to be filled with the Sacred Water: Pilgrims at the River Jordan.

Eager to plunge into the Sacred Water: Women pilgrims wading through the mud on the banks of the Jordan.

AT THE RIVER IN WHICH THE SAVIOUR WAS BAPTISED, AND IN WHICH NAAMAN DIPPED HIMSELF SEVEN TIMES AND WAS CLEAN: PILGRIMS AT THE JORDAN.

It need not be said that to an enormous number the Jordan is far more than the chief river of Palestine. It is that sacred water in which Christ was baptised, and in which Naaman dipped himself seven times and was clean. The correspondent who supplied these photographs says: "Next to making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, to bathe in water from the river Jordan is the great wish of many a peasant. Thousands go to the river to wash away their sins. Nor are those at home forgotten. Every pilgrim fills a vessel with the water and takes it to those unable to make the journey. In the same spirit, branches of shrubs from the banks are carried away to be treasured at home in Europe."

WHEN WINTER'S FINGERS STILL GRIP THOSE OF SPRING:

PARALLELED IN A MANNER IN LONDON: "ARISTOCRATIC" WOMEN WORKERS

Here is illustrated a typically French early-morning scene—the arrival of working-women at a Paris terminus. The sight is, of course, paralleled daily in London; but Describing this picture, a French writer says: "They are, office-workers, shop-assistants, dressmakers, and milliners

AN EARLY-MORNING SCENE AT A GREAT FRENCH STATION.

OF PARIS, FURRED AND COATED, ARRIVING FOR THEIR DAY'S DUTIES.

it must be said that, as a general rule, there is not about the crowd of arrivals here that *chic* which is so evident in the capital of our neighbours across the Channel, who are shown here. Compared with the humbler workmen and workwomen, they are a kind of aristocracy.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY

PROFESSOR H. HOFFDING.

Dr. Harald Höffding, Professor of Philosophy at Copenhagen University, has been elected, as the leading Danish scientist, to a bequest left by the late Mr. Carl Jacobsen, a Danish brewer, consisting of a villa and an annual sum to make his income up to £1000.

Photograph by Lund, Copenhagen.

PROFESSOR H. H. JEFFCOTT.

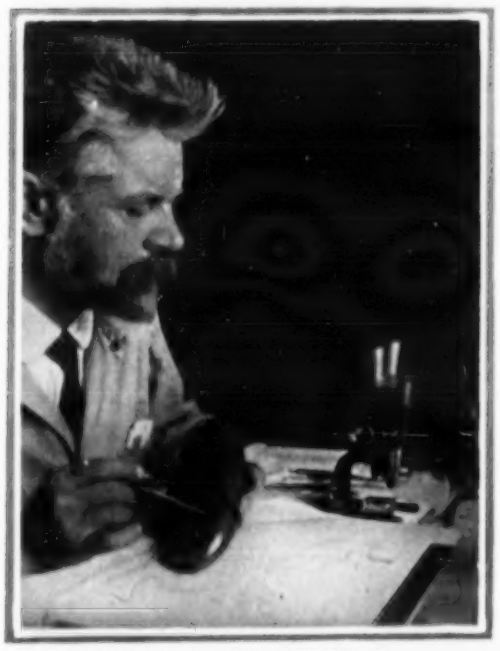
Professor Jeffcott, now Professor of Engineering in the Royal College of Science, Dublin, has been elected to the Chair of Civil and Mechanical Engineering at University College, London. He is to take up his new duties in September.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE COMING OF THE SWALLOW.

BEFORE these lines see the light the arrival of our summer migrants will have begun in good earnest, by which token we shall know, however chill the winds may blow, that spring has indeed established herself. Among these arrivals the swallow tribe probably hold pride of place, though the advent of the various warblers, the cuckoo, and the cuckoo's mate, or wryneck, are awaited with an eagerness almost as keen. The first of the swallow tribe to return to us is the little sand-martin, who reaches these shores with the closing days of March. Then comes *the* swallow, and, last, the martin. The unvarying advent of these birds in the spring, and their departure in the autumn, presents us with problems which are as yet by no means solved. Time was, and that not so very long ago, when it was universally believed that they spent the winter with us, snugly ensconced in the mud at the bottom of ponds and shallow lakes! Among the records of our forebears are many most circumstantial accounts of this remarkable retreat. Some seem to have persuaded themselves that they actually witnessed the plunge into the chill waters — others, indeed, have asserted that they have verily seen them drawn up in nets and restored from their benumbed state. As an alternative, are assertions to the effect that these birds have been found in a state of torpor in holes in cliffs, and in hollow trees.



WORK ON THE MODEL FLEA: THE REMARKABLE EXHIBIT UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

Photograph by Courtesy of the "Scientific American."

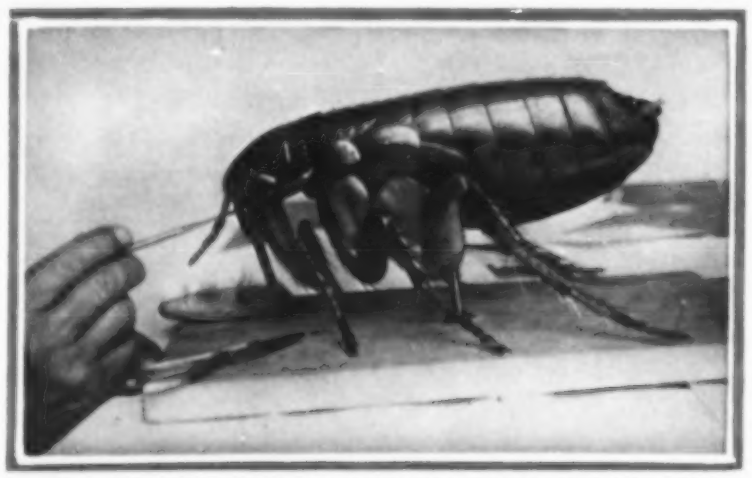
WITH PLASTER MOULDS FOR SECTIONS OF HIS GREAT WAX MODEL OF A FLEA: MR. IGNAZ MATAUSCH.

The latest model made by Mr. Ignaz Matausch for the American Museum of Natural History is the great flea here illustrated—magnified in wax 1,728,000 times the size of the insect in bulk. In other words, 1,728,000 actual fleas could be packed into his model if it were hollow. It is of wax; with bristles and hairs of German-silver wire.

Photograph by Courtesy of the "Scientific American."

SHOWING BRISTLES OF GERMAN-SILVER WIRE: THE WAX MODEL OF A FLEA.

Photograph by Courtesy of the "Scientific American."



1,728,000 TIMES THE SIZE OF AN ACTUAL FLEA IN BULK: THE WAX MODEL OF A FLEA FOR THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Photograph by Courtesy of the "Scientific American."

It need hardly be said, nowadays, that there is not a particle of truth in any of these circumstantial stories. We know now, of a certainty, that these birds winter in Africa—though whether they travel due south and take up their quarters on the west coast, or whether they trend south-east and distribute themselves along the eastern side of that continent, is still a matter for investigation.

Incredible as these old beliefs now seem to us, it must be admitted that there is no *a priori* reason why birds should *not* hibernate—in recesses of caves and hollow trees, for example. At any rate, this is done in the case of a considerable number of mammals, which stand a grade higher in the scale of life than the birds. The bat and the dormouse afford excellent examples. These creatures, before retiring for their winter sleep, accumulate a store of fat, which supports the flickering flame of life till spring returns. The swallows, and other migrants, do likewise before attempting their perilous journey southwards.

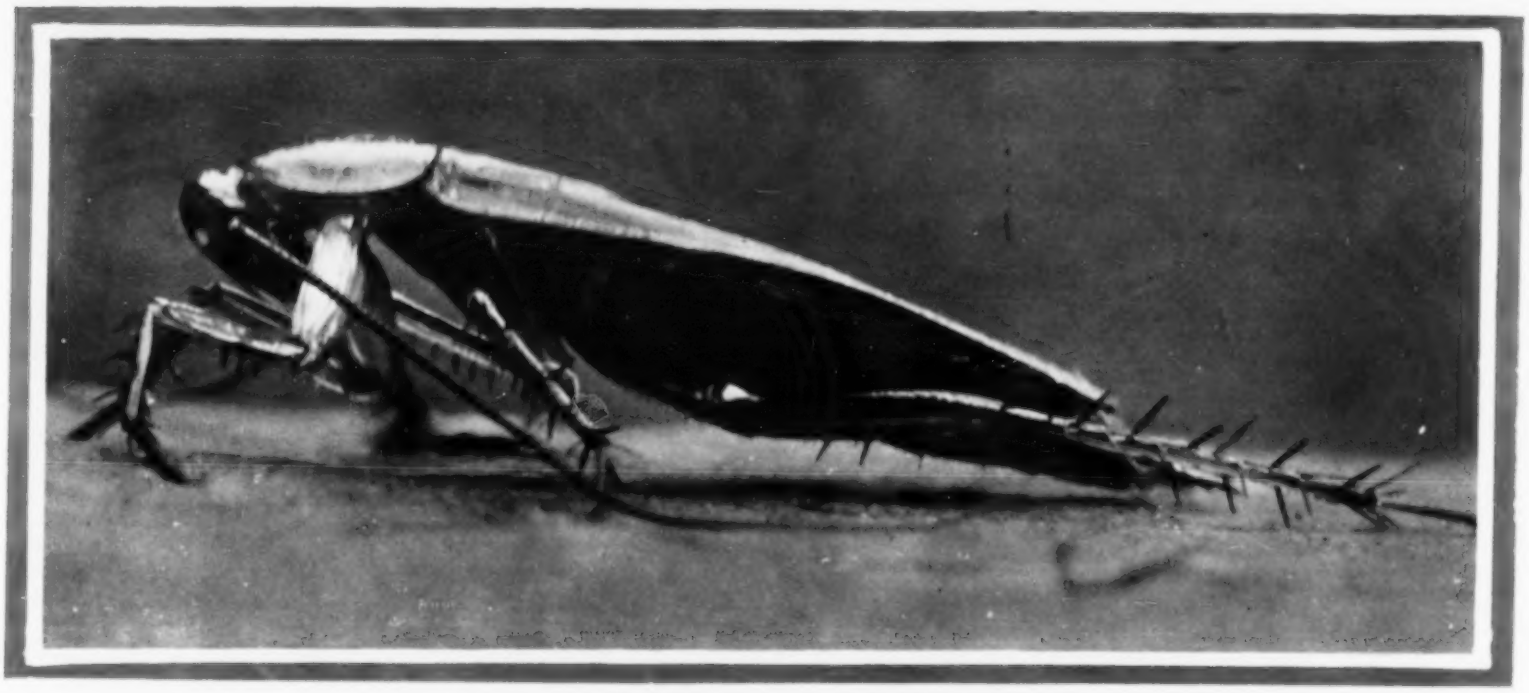
The explanation of the mystery probably lies in the fact that the temperature of the blood of the bird is so much higher than that of the mammal—hence the system cannot be sufficiently "slowed down" to induce "coma." The enforced migration is doubtless beneficial to the race, for during this ordeal the "unfit" are ruthlessly weeded out. But the ordeal by no means begins and ends with the actual migration. The latter days of the past month must have tested the first-comers of our migrants to the very limits of endurance. None but the very strongest and quickest of perception could have contrived to find a sufficiency of insect food during the long-protracted period of cold and rain which prevailed when they arrived after their long and tiring journey. Late-comers sometimes fare no better. Gatke relates how, many years ago, during the "merry month of May," the swallows arriving on Heligoland, on their way to their breeding quarters, were overtaken by an east wind and a great fall in temperature. All the insects at once took shelter, and the swallows, which can take their prey only when it is on the wing, were reduced at once to starvation. In the course of the night the wind developed into an ice-cold storm from the north-east, and the poor birds crowded into all the crannies of the lee side of the cliff in hundreds of thousands; when morning dawned almost the whole host had perished.

Having regard to the debt we owe these birds for the service they render us in clearing the air of flies during the summer months, and bearing in mind the awful ravages made in their ranks during their journeys to and fro while on migration, every protection should be afforded them during their sojourn with us. Yet we allow thousands of martins to be displaced annually by sparrows. Those pugnacious pests seize upon the nests of these useful birds, who perforce leave us in the autumn without rearing offspring. The swallow and the martin, unlike the sand-martin, have become almost entirely dependent on man for building sites, affixing their mud-built nests under the eaves of houses or to the beams of barns and other out-buildings, though a few, even to-day, follow the more ancient custom of nesting on the face of cliffs or in caves. The confidence they display in us deserves a better reward than is generally accorded to them.

W. P. Pycraft.

MONSTERS OF THE BACKYARD.—I.: COCKROACH; AND BUTTERFLY LARVA.

From "A Book of Monsters," by David Fairchild (Shortly to be Published). Copyrighted by the National Geographic Society, Washington. Photographs by David Fairchild.



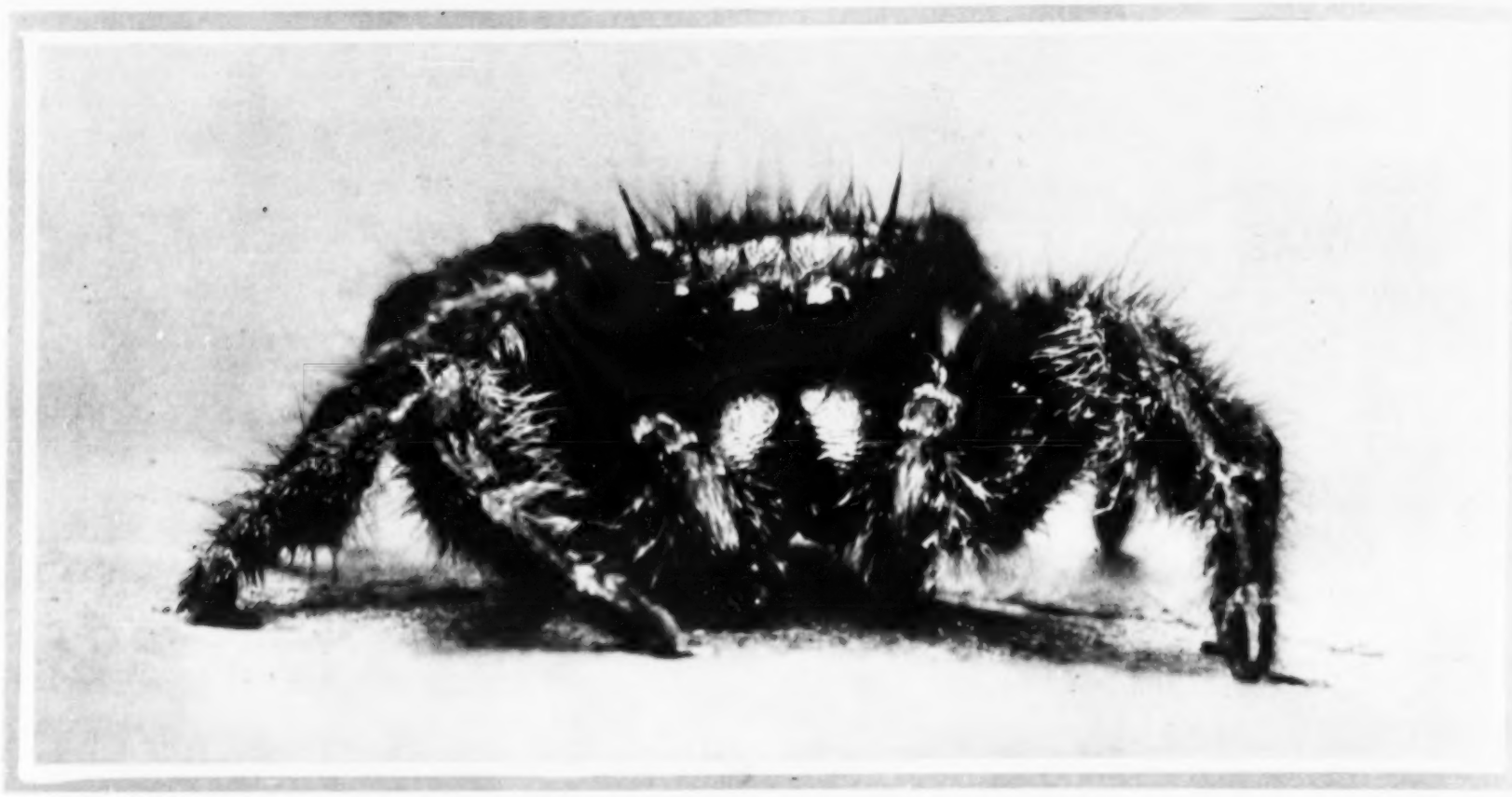
A DOMINANT CREATURE IN THE YOUNG WORLD: THE COCKROACH, WITH HEAD TUCKED UNDER BODY.

WITH "EYE" SPOTS TO FRIGHTEN ENEMIES: THE LARVA OF A SWALLOW-TAIL BUTTERFLY.

There has been of late much discussion of what has been called "the spider sense"; that is to say, that "sixth sense" which, for example, enables certain people to "feel" that a spider is in their neighbourhood, creating in them a sensation of nausea, even of fear. With regard to the first illustration on this page, we take the following from Mr. David Fairchild's notes on his remarkable photographic magnifications: "In carboniferous times the cockroach was a dominant creature, crawling over the giant club mosses and tree ferns which composed the marshy vegetation of the young world. This is the German cockroach. Its long, spiny legs are built for the scurrying for which it is noted, while its slippery body enables it to squeeze through crevices and holes. It carries its head tucked under its body, as if looking for food, and its whip-like antennae, always in motion, detect at long range the presence of anything edible which can be crammed into its capacious crop." Of the second photograph, it is asked: "Is this, I wonder, an insect make-believe, a caterpillar mask, as it were, to frighten away enemies? The black-and-white eye-spots are not real eyes, but to a bird they doubtless seem so. Its real eyes are inconspicuous points at each side of the head, too small to appear in the photograph."

MONSTERS OF THE BACKYARD—II.: SPIDERS—FEARFUL

From "A Book of Monsters," by David Fairchild (Shortly to be Published). Copyrighted



IF IT WERE THE SIZE OF A TIGER, ABLE TO CLEAR A QUARTER OF A MILE AT A BOUND! A JUMPING SPIDER; SHOWING FOUR OF ITS EIGHT EYES.

"IMAGINE BEING PURSUED ON EVERY HAND BY ENEMIES LIKE THIS, AND HAVING TO BE ON THE ALERT EVERY INSTANT OF YOUR BRIEF EXISTENCE": A MALE SPIDER.

As we remark on another page, on which we also give examples of the remarkable photographic magnifications by Mr. David Fairchild, there has been much talk of late of the so-called sixth, or "spider," sense; that sense which, for instance, enables certain people to "feel" that a spider is near them, creating in them nausea or fear. The following details are from the notes by Mr. Fairchild: (1) This jumping spider has eight eyes, four of which are invisible from the front. The eyes are diurnal, enabling the creature to hunt only by day. Its eight stout legs fit it for jumping forward or sideways with great ease. In comparison with its size, its jumping-powers are incredible. If it were the size of a tiger, it would be a beast of prey which could clear a quarter of a mile at a bound. It can sit on a branch and throw out an elastic dragline behind strong enough to bear its weight, and by this means it is able to jump at and catch its prey on the fly. (2) A spider from the fly's point of view is a terrible monster indeed. Its claws of polished chitin, sharp as sword-points, each with an aperture leading to a sac filled with deadly poison; its array of eyes of different sizes, its mottled, hairy skin covered with hollow sensitive bristles, must

INDEED TO THOSE WITH THE "SIXTH SENSE."

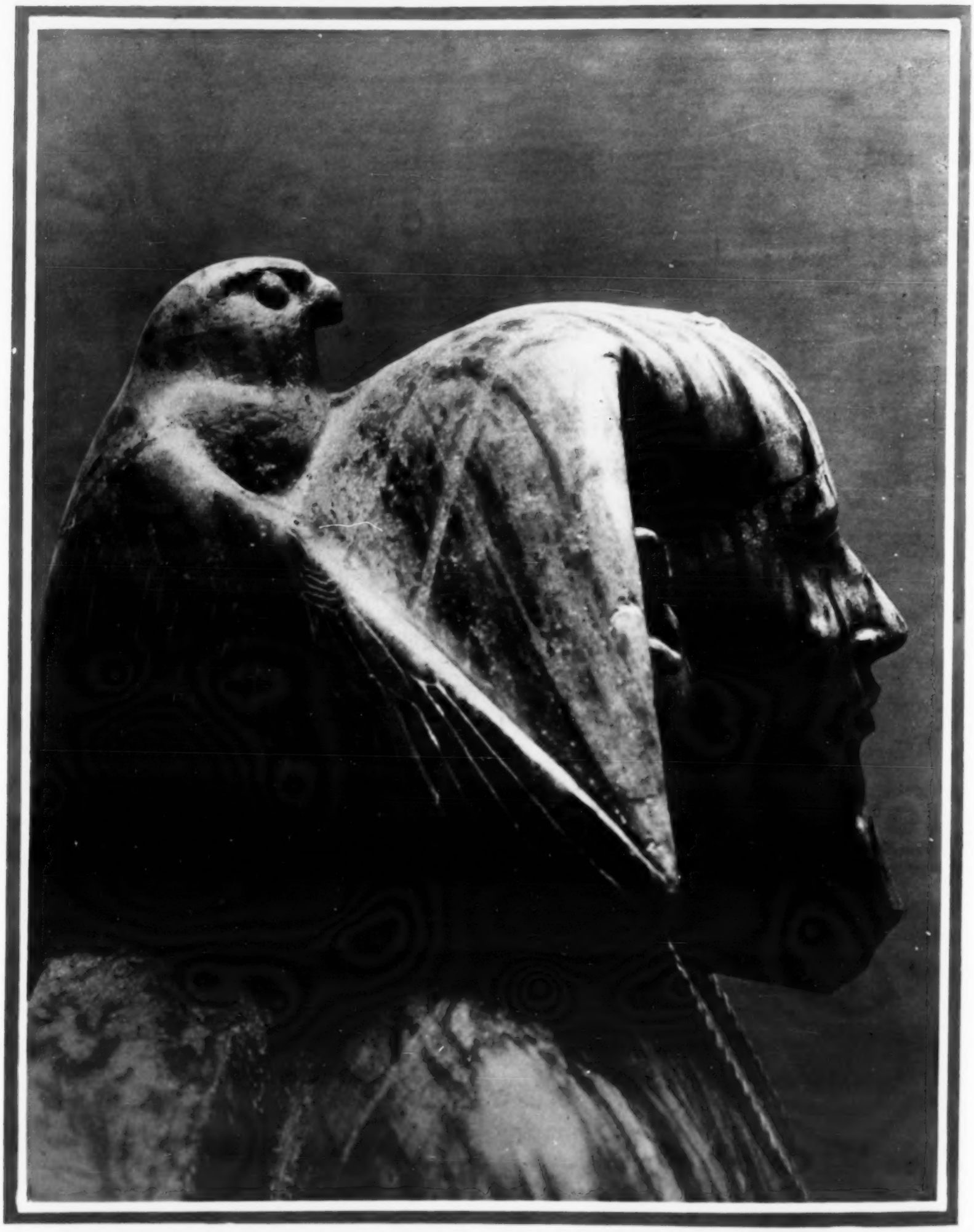
BY THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, WASHINGTON. PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID FAIRCHILD.

FROM THE FLY'S POINT OF VIEW: A SPIDER, A GREAT FIGHTER IN THAT PERPETUAL STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE GOING ON AT MAN'S FEET.

BUILDER OF A TURRET, OR WATCH-TOWER, ROUND THE ENTRANCE TO ITS SILK-LINED HOLE, SO THAT IT CAN SEE ITS PREY MORE READILY THAN FROM THE GROUND: THE EIGHT-EYED WOLF-SPIDER.

strike terror to the heart of any fly or cockroach which may happen in its neighbourhood. (3) It is hard for man, who has conquered all the beasts of the forest by his superior intelligence, to realise what a struggle for existence is going on about him in the grass beneath his feet. Imagine being pursued on every hand by enemies like this, and having to be on the alert every instant of your brief existence lest you fall into the clutches of some absolutely merciless monster. (4) This is not the photograph of a Polar bear, but that of the wolf-spider, with a battery of eight eyes on the top of its head and poison fangs hanging below. Behind and above the fangs and hidden in their shadow is the creature's mouth—toothless and made for sucking only. Of his eyes, the two in the centre in front are supposed to be for use by day, while all the others are nocturnal, enabling him to stalk his prey at dusk. It does not spin a web, but lives in a silk-lined hole six or eight inches deep, which it digs in the ground and around the entrance to which, out of sticks and grass, it builds a turret or watch-tower, from which it can see its prey more readily than from the ground.

FULL SIXTY CENTURIES OLD: A FINE EGYPTIAN SCULPTURE.

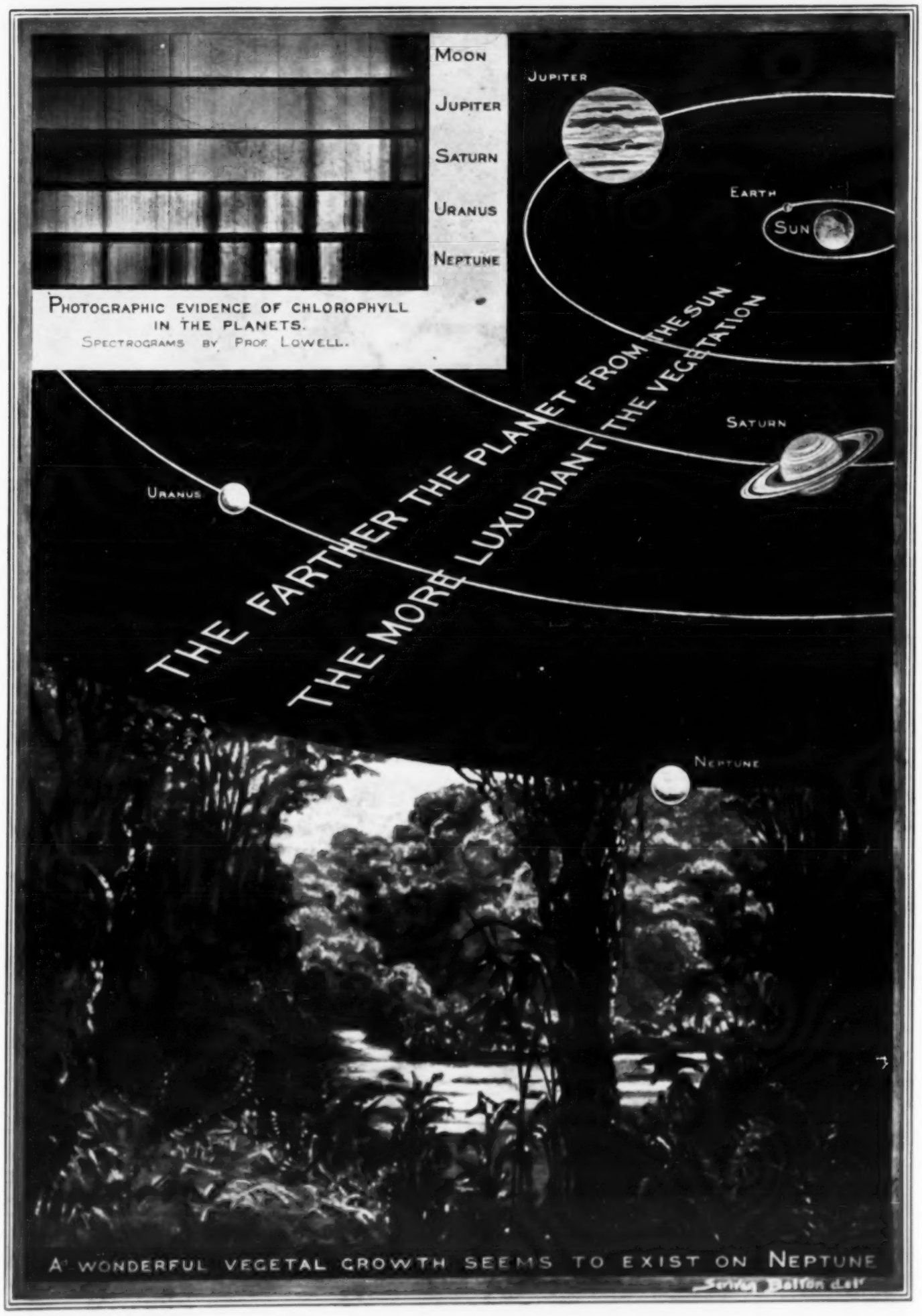


FROM THE FAMOUS GREEN DIORITE STATUE IN THE GIZEH PALACE: KHAFRA, OR CHEPHREN, FOUNDER OF THE SECOND PYRAMID OF GIZEH.

Mariette wrote of that green diorite statue of Khafra, or Chephren, which is in the Gizeh Palace: "The statue of Khafra, the founder of the Second Pyramid, is remarkable not only for its great age—sixty centuries at least—but for its breadth and majesty, as well as for the finish of its details. It also throws an unexpected light across the history of Egyptian Art, and shows that six thousand years ago the Egyptian artist had but little more progress to make." The Second Pyramid of Gizeh, or Pyramid of Khafra, was originally 472 feet high and 706 in base-measurement. There are over a hundred pyramids in Egypt, and it is generally accepted that they were tombs of kings. They were so planned as to ensure permanence, concealment, and security from violation; they were hermetically sealed, showing no indication of the place in which the mummy rested. Khafra, Egyptian King of the Fourth Dynasty, was the son and successor of Cheops. The Great Pyramid is that of Cheops.

WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS: VI. PLANT-LIFE ON THE PLANETS?

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S.



DOES VEGETATION EXIST ON PLANETS OTHER THAN OUR WORLD? THE SPECTROSCOPE SUGGESTS THAT THE PRESENCE OF CHLOROPHYLL ON THE PLANETS MEANS THAT THERE IS A VEGETAL GROWTH ON THEM.

Discussing the question "Does vegetation exist on the planets?" and pointing out that spectroscopic discovery leads to the inference that chlorophyll is common to other worlds than ours, Mr. Scriven Bolton writes: "Our knowledge concerning this vexed problem has been greatly enhanced by a remarkable series of spectroscopic photographs of the planets (shown above) taken by the well-known astronomer, Professor Lowell, in the clear skies of Arizona. In these spectrograms are certain dark lines which do not appertain, like the rest, to metals such as exist on the earth. Exhaustive experiments have shown that chlorophyll, the green colouring matter of plants, gives a spectrum coinciding precisely with the newly discovered lines; and the evidence is apparently convincing that we have here a photographic clue to the existence of vegetation in our neighbour-worlds. A curious feature concerning this discovery lies in the fact that what we regard as a manifestation of chlorophyll is exhibited more distinctly the farther the planet is situated from the sun. Starting at the earth outwards, on each successive planet vegetation becomes more abundant."

Gilded Fairies and Highly-Coloured Mortals: "A Midsu

From Untouched Instantaneous Photographs Specially Taken for "The Illustrated London News

1. WITH GILDED FACE AND GOLDEN DRESS. "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM." FAIRY.

2. THE LION IN "PYRAMUS AND THISBE." MR. NEVILLE GARTSIDE AS SNUG.

3 and 4. THE MEETING OF THE GILDED TITANIA AND THE GILDED OBERON. M
AND MR. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY AS THE KING OF TH FAIRIES.

5. MISS LAURA COWIE AS HERMIA.

Mr. Granville Barker's presentation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at the Savoy, has aroused very special interest; for the famous producer has divided the Mortals and the Immortals very sharply by showing the people of the fairy kingdom with gilded faces and in golden dresses. The "Times" critic summed up very well when he wrote: "Is it Titania's 'Indian Boy' that has given Mr. Barker his notion of Orientalizing Shakespeare's fairies? Or is it Bakst? Anyhow, they look like Cambodian idols and posture like Nijinsky in 'Le Dieu Bleu.' But the most startling thing about them is that they are all gold—gold hair, gold faces, gold to the tips of their toes. A golden Oberon is flouted by a golden Titania. Pease-Blossom and Cobweb and Moth and Mustard-Seed are golden children—the only children among these fairies—three in flakes of gold, and the fourth in golden baggy trousers o and their seem Byza Thisbe, th memories

A Midsummer Night's Dream," at the Savoy Theatre.

RATED LONDON NEWS" BY THE POLYCHROMIDE PROCESS AT THE DOVER STREET STUDIOS.

GILDED OBERON. MISS CHRISTINE SILVER AS THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.

OF THE FAIRIES WITH GOLDEN IMMORTALS OF THEIR TRAINS.

MISS LILLAH McCARTHY AS HELENA.

WITH GILDED FACE AND METALLIC MOUSTACHES AND HAIR: AN IMMORTAL.

MR. DONALD CALTHROP AS PUCK—THE FIRST MAN TO PLAY THE PART SINCE ELIZABETHAN DAYS.

trousers out of "Sumurun." . . . On the gold is one single patch of scarlet. This is Puck, with a baggy wig and baggy breeches, a hobgoblin. . . . As for Theseus and Hippolyta and their train, we do not know where their dresses come from. We can only make shots. Is it from the mural decorations of Minos's Palace unearthed in Crete? But some of them seem Byzantine and suggest a Ravenna fresco. All, men and women alike, wear "peg-top" trousers, tight at the ankle. But in the last scene, at the performance of "Pyramus and Thisbe," they, so to speak, put on their evening clothes—flowing Greek robes. . . . But it is not at these one thinks in the end. The mind goes back to the golden fairies, and one's memories of this production must always be golden memories."

Art, Music & the Drama.

An obsolete musical instrument. The Archlute or Theorbo (17th Century)

A Benedictine monk who did much to reform & systematise music: Guido D'Arezzo explaining the names he gave to the notes of the scale. (11th Century)

Obsolete. The Regal, a portable organ which might be carried in processions

ART NOTES.

All the small galleries are, as happens at this time of year, in the hands of a skirmishing army of exhibitors; the Academy has its advance-guard. Mr. Oliver Hall's cabinet pictures at the Leicester Galleries are of a sort much more suitably housed in small quarters than they could ever be at Burlington House. Mr. Hall's quality is very quiet. He is conscientious rather than compelling, and though one grows fond of several of his landscapes before one leaves his company, it is only by dint of looking. Mr. Hall asks for one's attention; he never lays hold of it with violence. Even in the Postage-Stamp Room at the Academy his canvases would run a risk of being mislaid. That room is too often a dead-letter office for pretty things that lack only the notable advertisement of size. And Mr. Hall, as it happens, lacks not only size, but the sense of it. His picture of the Pope's Palace at Avignon is delightful in everything except its rendering of the towering walls, which he slights. Miss Winifred Austen's water-colours of birds and beasts, also shown at the Leicester Galleries, achieve a success where most have failed. Her point of view is the naturalist's, and yet her drawings are not dull; her precision has not ousted a talent for decoration. In the "Green-Winged Teal," the "Kingfisher," and the "White Calf" she shows a quality that may soon ripen into a real ability for picture-making.

Two or three years ago Sir William Blake Richmond—corrected, with a couple of landscapes, the long-standing impressions made upon observers of his career. The freedom and fervour of those two canvases swept away the memory of the desolate stencilling in St. Paul's, and of a whole sequence of portentous decorative compositions. They almost persuaded one that his trade against Post-Impressionism was a despairing slap administered by the official Sir William, R.A., to the less orthodox studio-companion—to the painter, that is, of those haphazard and delightful impressions of the Italian scene.

The less orthodox Sir William Richmond has triumphed over his old-established brother. All the paintings of Umbria and Assisi gathered in the rooms of the Fine Art Society are charmingly informal—and the more informal the more charming. "The Gateway, San Gregorio," "In the Garden, S. Damiano," "The Refectory of S. Chiara," and all such chance hole-and-corner pieces, are attractive. A muddle of vine-leaves against the sky, a distempered granary sparsely furnished with barrels and grain, a crooked stairway, a broken pergola, and oddments of sky and plain are the things that have taken the heart of our one-time classicalist. Even the cypress is now too orderly for him; he is much happier in his rendering of a straggling vine or twisted and misty olive. In the cloisters of San Damiano he has been particularly successful; both the drawings made there are full of the fretful radiance of flowers in mid-day sun.

Mr. Keith Henderson's drawings, shown in another room of the same establishment, are very staid in treatment and very whimsical in subject. His work reminds us of the voice of a well-mannered little girl relating fabulous anecdotes—a tiny, careful voice pronouncing miracles. Mr. Henderson uses the things about him for the illustration of his extravaganza; modern young men in blazers are his knights, and the maidens in his enchanted gardens are such maidens as young artists have for sisters.

The best preparation for the Academy, if one believes in the processes of hardening, is a visit to the one-hundred-and-fifth exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colour. It is an Academy-and-water instead of an Academy-and-oil. It is a question, as at the Academy, of making search for the things you care for. They are not very many.

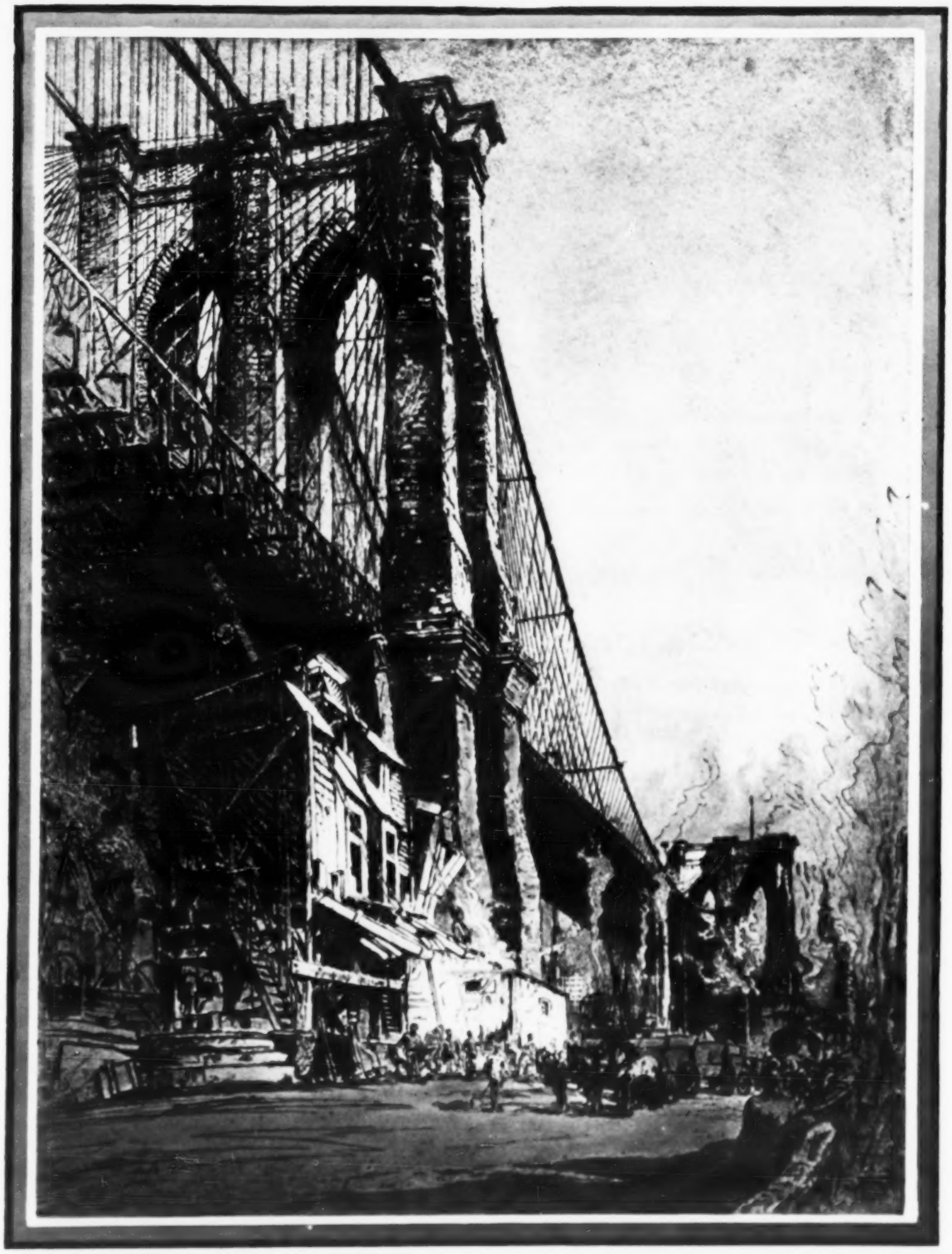
With the opening of the little exhibitions came the reopening, or partial reopening, of the National Gallery. For once Trafalgar Square could fairly be included in the round of critical picture-seeing. The knowledge that half the rooms were still closed increased one's desire to cross the offended portals and to fathom the discomforts of the confined and anxious and over-policed interior. Never since the re-hanging and re-papering has the National Gallery been quite itself. Of old it was oddly arranged and badly decorated; it was shabby and disorderly, but very much beloved. The younger generation may grow up to care for it as it is. The walls in the nature of things will fade; the pictures with long practice will come to look as if they belonged to their new situations; but for the time being the National is far from home-like, and the new regulations add considerably to the sense of dispossession. The things one wildly wants to see (if one happens to be blessed with keen desires) prove always to be behind closed doors. Twice have I been there to find only the Western Galleries open—though the Western Galleries seem to include the Central Gallery at the top of the stairs. That Central Gallery should, and probably will, be left open, whether it is a day of Western or Eastern closing. The new lecturer has been established at an inopportune moment, but he will survive it.—E. M.

SOLD FOR £6100 AT THE SALE OF THE ASHBURNHAM SILVER: A GEORGE I. SILVER-GILT TOILET SERVICE MADE IN 1719 FOR THE WIFE OF A SHERIFF OF LONDON.

The largest "lot" in the recent sale at Christie's of the famous Ashburnham silver, which realised a total of £40,204, was the silver-gilt toilet service here illustrated. This alone fetched £6100, being bought for that sum by Messrs. Crichton Bros., the well-known silversmiths and goldsmiths, of 22, Old Bond Street, by whose courtesy we reproduce these photographs. It was made by Benjamin Pyne in 1719. And in the "lot" were also included a helmet-shaped rose-water ewer and oval dish made by William Lukin in 1716, and a pair of snuffers by P. Billingsley. The toilet service is engraved with the arms of Crowley impaling Gascoigne. Sir Ambrose Crowley became Sheriff of London in 1706, when his arms were granted to him. His son and heir, John Crowley, of Barking, Suffolk, had a daughter, Elizabeth, who married John, second Earl of Ashburnham, in 1756. It was no doubt through her that this fine toilet service, an example of one of the best periods of English silver, came into the Ashburnham family. Some of the pieces in the group at the top of our illustration appear again below.

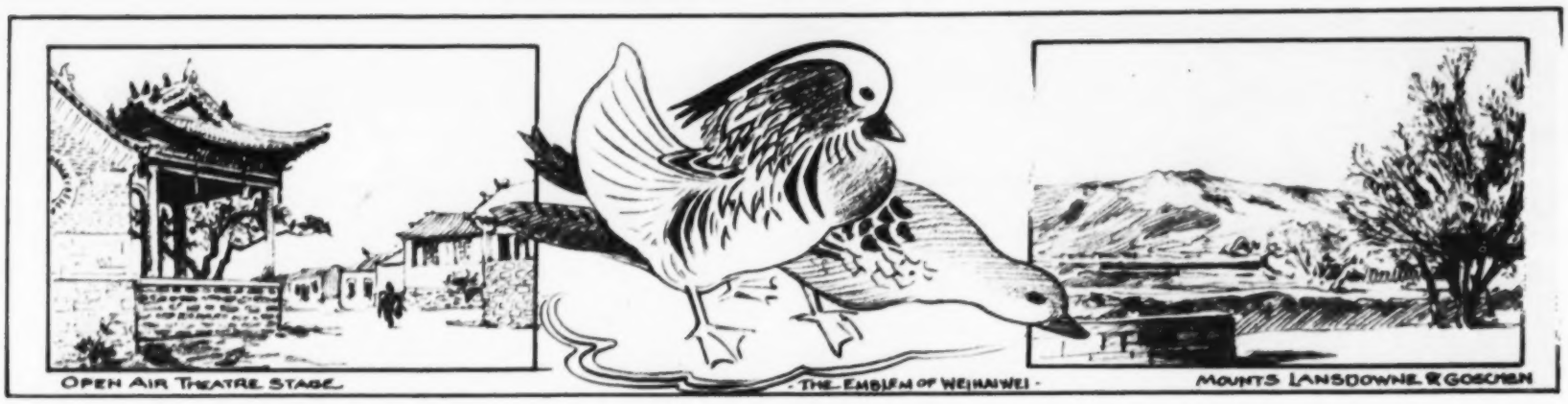
BY A BRITISH ETCHER: A STRUCTURE FAMOUS IN THE UNITED STATES.

From the Etching by W. Monk.



THE LONGEST SUSPENSION BRIDGE IN THE WORLD: THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE—COMMONLY CALLED BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

The East River Bridge, popularly known as Brooklyn Bridge, was set up after a good deal of agitation to add to the means of communication between New York and Brooklyn. It is the work of Colonel W. A. Roebling; was begun in 1870; and was opened to traffic in 1884. The foundations are of solid concrete resting upon rock; the central span is 1595 feet long and 135 feet above high-water level; the total length is 1 mile and 968 yards. The structure can be used by 45,000 pedestrians and 1440 vehicles an hour; and it has been claimed for it that 43,000,000 passengers are carried over it and that 12,000,000 people walk over it yearly.



Drawings by A. Hugh Fisher.

VIGNETTES OF EMPIRE. XXVII.: WEI-HAI-WEI.

On the fourth day after leaving Shanghai I reached San Kan Bay and passed a lighthouse on what is called the North East promontory, about thirty-one miles from Wei-Hai-Wei, the territory leased to Great Britain by China in 1898. The hills of this coast look bare, but the ground is almost all cultivated, and I could make out the shadows of the lines of terracing against the tawny colour of the dry grass. The Commissioner's launch came out to take me from the steamer to a substantial stone jetty in Port Edward on the mainland. This was two miles beyond the island of Liu Kung, which helps to shelter the harbour from the northerly gales, and upon which are situated the marine barracks and the naval hospital.

The hills slope down to the water, and the town seems built in tiers, with Government House at the top of one side watching over land and sea. The territory covers about 285 square miles, and includes three hundred villages with a native population of 150,000 exclusive of the walled Chinese city of Wei-Hai-Wei. This latter is a strange though picturesque anomaly. Within a gun-shot of Government House lies this enclosed fragment of China over which the British have no more jurisdiction than fifteenth-century London aldermen had over the sanctuary of St. Martin's-le-Grand.

From Government House, where a smart Chinese police-guard—all that remains of the former Chinese Regiment—act as sentries, there is a magnificent

WHERE SONS OF ENGLISHMEN STATIONED FURTHER SOUTH IN CHINA ARE EDUCATED: A SCHOOL FOR BRITISH BOYS AT WEI-HAI-WEI.

view of sea and mountains. The highest peaks, called Lansdowne and Goschen, are so shaped as to make their modest altitude (some three thousand feet) appear much greater. To the east below lies the town of Port Edward, and across the harbour the island of Liu Kung with its signal station, while near the shore a number of trading junks are usually at anchor. It was here that the Chinese fleet in 1895 sought safety after the fall of Port Arthur.

The morning after my arrival was market day at Port Edward. The main street seemed to be full of turnips, cabbages, sweet potatoes, and wads of fir and scrub-oak for fuel. Mules and donkeys from inland villages were tethered along a wall, near which lay stores of pea-nuts ready for exportation. Piled up near the town I saw some fine timber, but learned that it had all been brought from the Yalu by sea. As I walked towards the walls of the Chinese city I passed a Franciscan Catholic Mission, and near it, in a fenced enclosure, great heaps of scrap-iron from the war-ships sunk at Port Arthur.

A wide middle road divided the city within the walls of which I first visited a Confucian temple. Behind the chief altar sat an image of the great sage

ON THE ISLAND OF LIU KUNG, OFF WEI-HAI-WEI: AN ARCH IN THE QUADRANGLE OF THE ROYAL NAVAL HOSPITAL.

(of whom, by the way, a lineal descendant still survives), the remarkable contemporary of Pythagoras and of Cyrus, King of Persia; and on either side of this were figures of his favourite disciples; Mencius and Tsengtzu on the left, and on the right, Szutzu and Yentzu. Above the altar in large golden characters hung the motto, "Among living mortals never has there been one like him," and over this, also in gold characters upon a red ground, "Teacher and model for all ages." Farther along the same street stands an open-air stage for theatrical performances, a stone platform, five feet high, with tall stone columns at the corners to support a roof.

The distinguished Commissioner, Sir James Stewart Lockhart, who has an exceptionally thorough knowledge of the Chinese language, took me one morning on a long pony ride to some of the inland villages. The houses were of stone and thatched with sea-weed, which had weathered to a silvery-grey. They were less substantial than they appeared, as the binding material was only of mud. The air was fresh and bracing—hills to the right of us, terraced except for their rocky summits and a few stretches of oak-scrub lower down. Near several villages we saw stone monuments to female constancy, columns erected to the memory of widows who had never remarried, a curious title to respect among a people who consider women to have no mind of their own, nor to be capable of taking the initiative in anything.

It was market day at Fenglin, one of these villages, and the main street was thronged with country people with frank, healthy-looking faces by no means yellow. There was much black pottery of local manufacture. Among the numerous stalls there was even one for books.

Near the end of that street we came upon some that were weeping and lamenting with loud voices. A funeral procession was crossing a stream under flickering sunlight that came through the willows. A canopied stand was carried in front of the procession with a tablet inscribed with characters about the dead—a woman in this case—and after the hearse and the chief mourners walked a group of women wailing loudly.

These little agricultural villages are administered through their local headmen; and the headman of Fenglin, who has the surrounding district also under his charge, and collects land and road taxes, put his best clothes on and came out with his grandchildren to welcome the Commissioner—appreciating highly one who could speak so well his own tongue.

It is largely due to Sir James Lockhart's interest in the people under his charge that at Port Edward, within the precincts of a temple of the Goddess of

NATIVE AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE AT WEI-HAI-WEI: CHINESE PEASANTS BRINGING IN PEA-NUTS FOR EXPORTATION.

Heaven, there is a library and reading-room where the Chinese clerks of the city hold the meetings of a social club of sixty members.

The air of the district of Wei-Hai-Wei, the chief importance of which to us is, of course, as a naval base, is undoubtedly healthy on the sea cliff, and a school for the sons of Englishmen stationed in more southern parts of China has excellent conditions. In the summer, when Shanghai becomes trying, holiday folk make this northern settlement gay with picnic and bathing parties; but with a keen wind blowing and snow driven upon it in a veritable blizzard, as it was towards the end of my visit, very few English care for its winter, and in January one meets none besides the small permanent staff, an occasional naval officer from a ship that has put in for coal, or a novelist hunting for seclusion.

A. Hugh Fisher.

STONE MONUMENTS TO PERMIRING CONSTANCY: COLUMNS TO THE MEMORY OF WIDOWS WHO NEVER REMARRIED, IN THE COURTYARD OF THE TEMPLE OF THE GODDESS OF HEAVEN AT WEI-HAI-WEI.

CONTEMPORARY OF PYTHAGORAS AND CYRUS: THE SAGE OF CHINA.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.

THE GREAT CHINESE MORALIST WHO DIED ABOUT 2400 YEARS AGO, AND OF WHOM A LINEAL DESCENDANT IS LIVING: AN IMAGE OF CONFUCIUS IN A TEMPLE AT WEI-HAI-WEI.

"A wide middle road divided the city within the walls of which I first visited a Confucian temple," writes Mr. Hugh Fisher in his article on Wei-Hai-Wei on the opposite page. "Behind the chief altar sat an image of the great sage (of whom, by the way, a lineal descendant still survives), the remarkable contemporary of Pythagoras and Cyrus, King of Persia; and on either side of this were figures of his favourite disciples, Mencius and Tsengtzu on the left, and on the right, Sautzu and Yentzu. Above the altar in large golden characters hung the motto, 'Among living mortals never has there been one like him,' and over this, also in gold characters upon a red ground, 'Teacher and model for all ages.'" The characters on the tablet in front read, "The shrine of the perfect sage and former teacher, Confucius."

PEACE IN MEXICO: PATZCUARO LAKE AND PAPANTLA PYRAMID.

1.

WRITING of Lake Patzcuaro in his "Mexico," Mr. C. Reginald Enock says: "Why the Aztecs left their northern home is not known, even in legend, but they were instigated to their wanderings, tradition says, by their fabled war-god, Huitzilopochtli, or Mexitl, from whom came the name 'Mexica,' or 'Azteca,' by which these people called themselves. From the beginning of the tenth to the beginning of the thirteenth century A.D. this tribe [which founded Tenochtitlan] journeyed and sojourned on its southward way, from valley to valley, from lake to lake, from Chapala to Patzcuaro, and thence to Tula, the old Toltec capital. Once more dispersed, they wandered on, and,

2.

guided by their oracle, reached their final resting-place at Tenochtitlan." Of Papantla he says: "In company with Teotihuacan at Texcoco, and Papantla, in the State of Vera Cruz, Cholula is ascribed to the Toltecs." The Toltecs, it may be noted here, were a prehistoric people of Mexico and Central America. To them the Aztecs and the Mayas ascribed their arts and all those ancient monuments whose origin they did not know. According to some writers, it must be added, the Toltecs are fabulous. The Aztecs are so called from Aztlan, the mythical northern land of the Seven Caves, from which they migrated to the south to set up a powerful empire in the valley of Mexico.

1. VISITED BY THE AZTECS WHEN THEY LEFT THEIR NORTHERN HOME: PATZCUARO LAKE.

2. ASCRIBED TO THE TOLTECS; FABULOUS ACCORDING TO SOME, TO OTHERS GIVERS OF ART AND MONUMENTS TO THE AZTECS: THE PYRAMID OF PAPANTLA.

Writing in the book already quoted, Mr. Enock says of that country which Cortes called "New Spain": "Here, for the first time, the Spanish explorers in their wanderings had come across an organised nation with an advanced civilisation and polity of its own. . . . Here in the land of the Aztec federation three potent states, with vast dependencies from which countless hordes of warriors might be drawn, were ready to stand shoulder to shoulder and resist the claims of the white demi-gods, mounted on strange beasts, who came upon giant sea-birds from the Unknown, beyond the waste of waters. But the fatal prophecy of the coming of the avenging White God, Quetzalcoatl, to destroy the Aztec power, paralysed the arm and brain of Montezuma, and rendered him . . . a prey to the diplomacy, the daring, and the valour of Cortes."

"Teach without noise of words—without confusion of opinions—without the arrogance of honour—without the assault of argument."

MEDICAL PHILOSOPHY—WISDOM FOR THE SPRING

The following, compiled from a Work of an eminent Pathologist — Now our bodies are like houses in more than one respect, and it is usually found that although each house may be dusted out once a day, there is a regular cleaning up with extra sweeping once a week; and in addition to this there is a Spring Cleaning of the whole house. Dinner Pills and stimulating diet are like the daily dusting, and while they may answer for some persons, others find that they require additional assistance, and if this be not given to them by means of a cholagogue purgative, they have unpleasant reminders by getting violent migraine with bilious vomiting, and generally they are obliged to fast for at least one day during the continuance of the headache.

C. B. Cipriani, Pinxt. *Engd. by F. Bartolozzi.*

SPRING.

"The sweet-scented buds all around us are swelling. There are songs in the streams, there is Health in the gale."

All the functions of the nervous system at this VERNAL SEASON of the year have a period of maximum activity.

"A thorough house cleaning of the alimentary canal, together with proper stimulation of the skin and kidneys, and an intelligent regulation in diet, are our most important measure in the treatment of the nervous system."—Hutchinson.

"All disease is the same in all parts of the body. Its cause, morbid humour, which obstructs the circulation of the blood and the electricity or motive power of the brain. Its source, Indigestion and Constipation, or the Putrefaction arising therefrom."—W. Russell.

"Recent researches have led to the establishment of the fact, to the satisfaction of the medical profession of the whole civilised world, that the chief cause of the infirmities of old age as well as of a large proportion of the diseases of adult life, is the process known as 'Auto-Intoxication,' or self-poisoning."

"This poisoning of our own bodies is due to putrefaction taking place in the large intestine, which in turn is the result of decomposition of food material set up by germs or microbes, which infest the bowel, and which flourish most where bowel cleanliness least obtains."

"The dual problem therefore of maintaining health and postponing the evils of old age resolves itself into the question as to how intestinal putrefaction may be averted, or prevented, or in other words how the bowel may be kept clean."—Charles Reinhardt, M.D.

There is no simpler, safer, or more agreeable remedy which will, by natural means, get rid of dangerous waste matter, without depressing the spirits or lowering the vitality than

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

AN IDEAL SPRING ALTERATIVE.

Where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has, in innumerable instances, prevented a Serious Illness. Its effect upon any Disordered, Sleepless, or Feverish Condition is simply Marvellous.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E.

MUSIC.

LAST week's concert, given by the London Symphony Orchestra, under Safonoff, went far to prove that, for the finest reading of Russian music, you must seek a Russian conductor. Tchaikovski's "Fifth Symphony," directed by Safonoff, came with a sense of revelation, even to those who may claim a certain familiarity with the score. M. Safonoff appears to have taken a few very slight liberties here and there, but the end justified him; and the applause that followed the performance was quite as much a tribute to the conductor as to the orchestra and composer. The cry against foreign conductors is roused again and again, not without a certain reason. Englishmen complain that they get very little chance. The fact remains that the Germans, the Dutchmen, the Austrians, and the Russians who come over here can give us finer renderings of masterpieces than our own conductors can. If we had more orchestras in England, and if music were subsidised in all the great cities—as, of course, it should be—the case would be different; after a time we, too, should have great conductors in plenty. At present such a performance of Tchaikovski's Symphony as M. Safonoff secured last week, remains an unanswerable argument in favour of existing conditions. The present system has the further advantage of supplying us with specialists—a Steinbach for Brahms, a Safonoff for Tchaikovski and other Russian composers who have sat at the feet of Balakirev; a Nikisch for Weber and Wagner.

The Royal Philharmonic Society completed its hundred-and-second season last week with an extremely interesting concert, under the direction of Herr Mengelberg. Although the performance of the "Eroica" Symphony was very highly praised, it may be suggested that the first movement was rather colourless, and that in the second the conductor allowed himself to lay too heavy a stress on details. It is, of course, merely a matter of opinion, and no reading will please everybody. The last movements were undoubtedly the best, when both conductor and orchestra had warmed to their work. The soloists of the occasion were Miss Muriel Foster, who was presented later in the evening at a neighbouring restaurant with the gold medal of the Society—a coveted distinction given only to the greatest artists—and Mr. Frederic Lamond. Their work provided a curious illustration of the power of personality in conjunction with great gifts. Miss Foster sang an Aria by Max Bruch, the lament of Andromache for Hector; and Mr. Lamond played the solo part in Tchaikovski's familiar Concerto in B flat minor. It is impossible to describe the aria or the concerto as work of the very first class, though one would not question the dramatic quality of the first or the extraordinary cleverness of the second; but Miss Foster made the grief of Andromache so real that the conventional surroundings of the concert-room seemed to be lost, and Troy was nearer than Oxford Circus. Mr. Lamond made the concerto sound, in parts, like a work of genius, instead of a monument of virtuosity; and each performer held the house spellbound. So the Philharmonic season of 1913-14 came to a brilliant close, and the programme told of the arrangements already made for the hundred-and-third season that will open in October next. Safonoff and Mengelburg will conduct.

Miss Gabrielle Vallings, who gave a first recital at Bechstein's last week, is a capable young singer who will be well advised to continue her studies. She has a pleasant soprano voice, a fine feeling for musical expression, and no definite faults that prolonged training should not remove. Perhaps she has not quite realised the high standard of performance that is required in London to-day, but there is every reason to believe that she will satisfy all requirements later on. Mr. Frank Gleeson, who assisted Miss Vallings, is also a little too soon in his appeal to the public.

Good Friday music is being offered on a very generous scale. A performance of "The Messiah" by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall, a sacred concert at the Queen's Hall, an extremely attractive double programme at the Crystal Palace—these are only some of the performances. Writing of the Crystal Palace is a reminder that Lady Grove, wife of Sir George Grove, editor of the famous "Dictionary of Music," has just passed away in ripe old age at Sydenham. Music-lovers who were members of Sir George Grove's large circle in the 'eighties and early nineties will always remember with pleasure the gatherings at the old house in Sydenham and the keen interest in things musical that Lady Grove displayed.

Mr. Shapiro, who brought his orchestra to the Queen's Hall on Saturday last, has made arrangements to develop considerably its scope and its activities. There should be room for developments if we may judge by the excellent work accomplished by the orchestra at recent Sunday concerts in London.

GERMAN METHODS OF ILLUMINATION FOR NIGHT FLYING: A BEACON AND TURNING-PLATES TO GUIDE THE PILOT TO LAND.

German airmen have recently been paying much attention to night-flying. The aerodromes in Germany are well lit at night, and various devices are used to enable an aeroplane to descend safely. The beacons can throw their light to a distance of nearly thirty miles. In the middle of the ground are set automatic turning-plates, with fires to show the direction of the wind. The letters in the illustration are, of course, the four points of the compass.

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DEWAR'S
KEEPS YOU SMILING

LADIES' PAGE.

THERE is at the moment a revival of interest in the life and reign of Queen Victoria, as a natural result of the opposing cries that the monarch has no right even to express, and far less to assist, any views at all on the politics of his country, and the converse claim that in the last resort certain rights that under the Constitution rest in the hands of the monarch ought to be exercised. Mr. T. Gibson Bowles's new *Candid Review* has for its chief article one giving enthusiastic praise for her initiative and personal influence on the country's affairs to "this great Queen," "this great constitutional monarch," who is said to have "in all her acts showed the strongest sense of her duty, and the courage and determination to do it," and to have "scornfully refused to be 'a mere signing machine.'" References are given in this interesting sketch to letters in political memoirs and other documents which show that after, just as before, her widowhood "she by no means subjected herself to or even waited for Ministerial advice, but repeatedly intervened with advice and direction, sometimes with grave warning." The case specifically cited (on the authority of the "Life of Lord Granville") is the desire of the Ministers of that day to plunge England into war with Germany in 1864 on the Danish question. Queen Victoria declared that she would, if necessary, openly resist this, even if the Foreign Minister resigned on that account, for "there are duties and convictions so sacred and so strong that they outweigh all other considerations . . . and she is quite determined upon it, solely from a regard to the safety of this country and of Europe in general." Opinions may plainly differ—such are being warmly expressed, in fact—as to whether the late Queen was right or wrong in thus asserting herself, but the fact remains that she won the day with her Cabinet, and thus "saved her people from a war that might have been disastrous."

Nor was this by any means a solitary instance. That lonely little lady—"a heart of gold and a will of steel enclosed in a tiny woman's form," as Sir Theodore Martin described her—kept her hand on the helm of the ship of State, and again and again by a firm but tactful pressure she personally guided the destinies of this great Empire. Many people are now saying that this ought never to be done by the Sovereign. That is matter for argument, no doubt. But the fact remains that Queen Victoria not only did it, but that she acted in this sense so tactfully and quietly, with such judgment as to the moment when to intervene and such wisdom in the manner of doing it, that she won from men no less wilful and arrogant in their elected power than any party leaders can be at any time—Palmerston and Gladstone, for instance—concession to her views and submission to her authority. The difference between such quiet and early assertion of her opinion and her will as Queen Victoria seems to have always made at exactly the right moment, and a public interposition of the personal views of a Sovereign in the rush of a heated crisis, is to be compared to the curb put on a spirited mount at the proper time, and an attempt to check a runaway with the bit between his teeth.

THE TAILOR-MADE OF TO-DAY.

This smart and graceful gown is in soft cloth with draped skirt, and with semi-loose coat, dropped across the back, and finished with a Tudor collar. The hat is of Tagel trimmed with roses and ribbon.

Queen Elizabeth's position was far different, for she and her great Minister, Burleigh, were not under control by the House of Commons. As Mr. Asquith has recently reminded us, "Queen Elizabeth, on one occasion, at the end of a single session, opposed the Royal Veto to no less than forty-eight out of ninety-one Bills which had received the assent of both Houses of Parliament." Nevertheless, she, in the method of her day, regarded her regal responsibility as personal. She sought abundant counsel, and sometimes hesitated long before deciding; but still, as it was recorded by one of her statesmen, "when all have said their say, she wills what she wills." It is not easy for us to grasp this position now that matters are so different; yet it is surely notable and interesting that in each condition a woman has proved so competent—indeed, so singularly great—a ruler.

The authority of the Kaiser's great mind is exercised on all sorts of subjects. His Imperial Majesty has just ordered that dinner shall be consumed from start to finish in forty-five minutes! This may be long enough for one or two people, who can get served as fast as they can eat, but for a dinner-party it must mean indigestion or deprivation. Royal people can hardly judge such matters for the rest of the world; the conditions are different. Louis XIV. is recorded to have once remarked with great surprise and very severely, "I *nearly* had to wait." Other people inevitably have to wait more or less often. Hurried eating is in any case a mistake, from the point of view of health and good manners. Bolters are most objectionable table companions. Nature herself has rendered moderately slow eating necessary by placing in the saliva, that is drawn forth and mixed with the food only during mastication, some elements very necessary for digestion. Then, quite apart from hygiene and good manners, is there to be no time allowed for the feast of reason and the flow of soul? Besides, the material pleasure of eating (justly described as "the first to come and the last to remain" of life's enjoyments) resides in the mouth. Mr. Pelham, as Lord Lytton's readers will recall, took out with him to dinner his own knife, which had a jagged edge; his fork, which was so small that it would only lift a moderate portion to the lips; and his spoon, of particularly shallow dimensions—all contrived on purpose to counteract a "most unhappy failing" of his temperament, that of eating too fast. "One often hurries over in one minute," he explained, "what ought to have afforded the fullest delight for the period of five—a shameful waste of the gifts and a melancholy perversion of the bounty of Providence." Too much time spent at table is swinish and disgraceful. Three hours was considered none too much for a formal dinner to last in later Georgian days; the author of the "Almanach des Gourmandes" advises five hours; and tradition declares that some of the Roman Emperors spent whole days at table! But the German Emperor's forty-five minutes hardly "strikes the happy mean."

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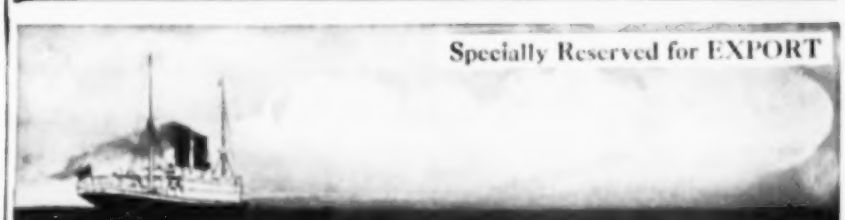

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TWO STORIES OF DÉBÂCLE.

THE Franco-German War was the last conflict but one to retain the grim picturesqueness of fighting as it was before the days of long range, open order, and a front so extended that the operations cannot well be grasped by any single spectator. It abounded in what Napier calls, in his "Peninsular War," "combats," as distinguished from battles proper. These live for us in the canvases of Detaille and De Neuville, and also in the records of Forbes and other observers. A new and most valuable addition to the history of 1870-71 now appears in "My Days of Adventure," by Mr. Ernest Vizetelly (Chatto and Windus), who has set down his reminiscences of scenes in which, as a youth of seventeen, he played an active and stirring part. To this journal his book is of exceptional interest, for his father, Mr. Henry Vizetelly, was Paris correspondent of *The Illustrated London News*, and the author was closely connected with the collection and despatch by balloon post of the material for our illustrations of the siege of Paris. The sketches and descriptions were entrusted to Nadar, the famous aeronaut, who evaded the prohibitive regulations as to the very limited size of postal packets, and personally undertook the care of the rather bulky parcels without passing them through the hands of the postal authorities in Paris. Only one packet went astray! Those who are familiar with our illustrations of the war will recognise in Mr. Vizetelly's narrative the genesis of many a picture that possesses historic interest, and one is tempted to wish that some of these had been reproduced together with his text. The whole drama of the earlier part of the siege is here intimately described with a vigour and freshness that discounts the intervening forty-three years. Mr. Vizetelly still sees those great scenes with the eyes of youth; and although he writes with the tempered judgment of a historian, it is the surviving touch of young enthusiasm that makes his pages so charming. Most important is his account of the later operations under Chanzy in the north-west. These have been so obscured by the events previous to the siege of Paris and by the siege itself that many who are otherwise well-informed about the war have only the haziest ideas about the Army of the Loire and the capture of Le Mans. Fortunately, Mr. Vizetelly got a safe conduct out of Paris in November, and joined one of Chanzy's ambulances. It is to this that we owe a new chapter of history. His work is not mere vivid reminiscence; it is carefully considered and tested history that throws a new light on the last phase of the struggle in the provinces. The new raw levies were doomed to vanish before the iron warriors of Germany, but they were not blown away so easily as some have supposed, and their resistance, against fearful odds, was sufficiently heroic. Mr. Vizetelly's picture of a conquered country carries with it—and he intends that it should carry—the moral, "Be prepared." We heartily recommend his entrancing volume, and earnestly hope that before long he may keep his hinted promise to tell the story of the Commune.

During the days of that upheaval, among those Parisians who fled to London was the eldest son of the First Consul, Count Léon, whose strange history is told by Mr. Hector Fleischmann in "An Unknown Son of Napoleon" (Eveleigh Nash). This notorious adventurer is hardly "unknown," but the majority of readers who delight in popular memoirs will not cavil at the epithet. Léon was the son of Eléonore Dennelle de la Plaigne, daughter of a pair of sharpers. She married a rascally Quartermaster, Revel, whose Odyssey gives Mr. Fleischmann the opportunity for a narrative as cynically diverting as his account of Léon himself. Eléonore was a pupil at Mme. de Campan's school for young queens-to-be, and there she learned the arts most useful to her. Napoleon captured her, and soon grew tired of her utterly mercenary charms (witness the Shandyesque story of the clock), but he provided handsomely for her boy. Léon was given every chance to do well, but he threw it all away, and sank at length to the level of a common swindler. In his earlier days he made a stir in London over his abortive duel at Wimbledon with his cousin, Louis Napoleon, a gallant affair that ended ignominiously in the dock at Bow Street. Léon dabbled in commercial enterprises conceived on the grand scale, but all doomed to fail miserably; he embraced the queer mysticism of Cousin; he was often in prison for debt; he lived on silly women; and at last Méneval, his guardian, cast him off. His wretched career ended in a pauper's grave at Pontoise. Mr. Fleischmann has written a most lively, yet critical, account of a man who was the victim of heredity. By presenting Léon in that light, the author secures for him a just measure of sympathy. He was a sad scamp, but somewhat pathetic withal.

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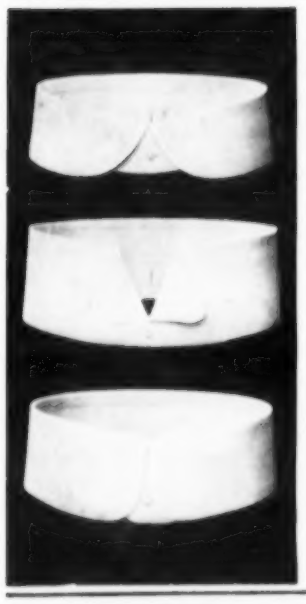

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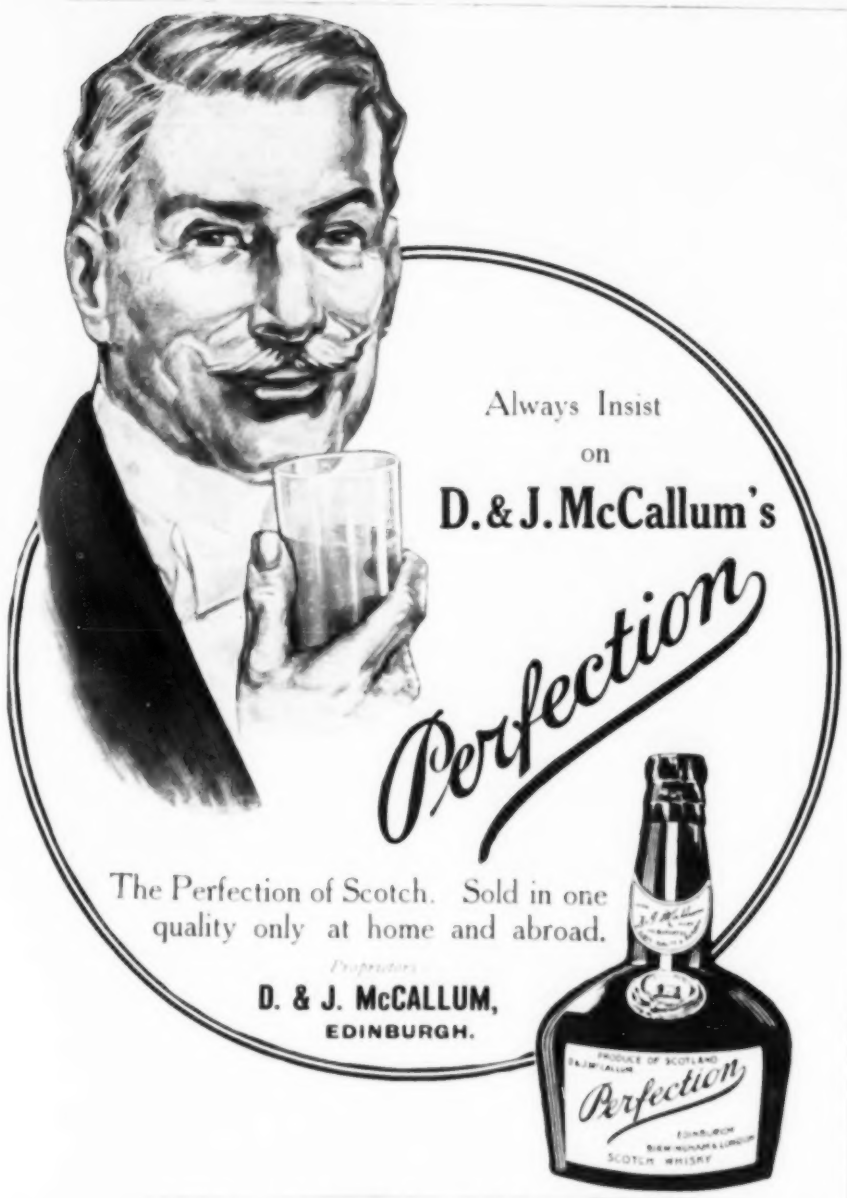

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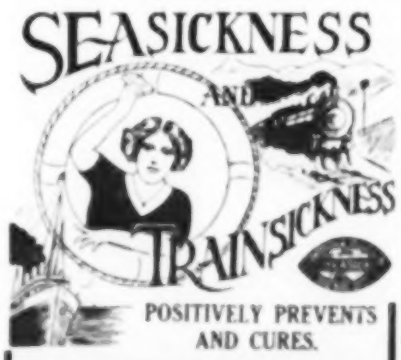

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated July 15, 1913) of Mr. Lawndey Richardson Lack, of The Well, Beddington, who died on Feb. 5, is proved by Leonard Strode Cobham and William Hamilton Pott, the value of the property amounting to £76,064 11s. 9d. The testator gives £12,000 each to Mabel Hamilton Pott, Katharine Strode Cobham, Elsie Strode Cobham, and Millicent Ross; £3000 to his sister Frances Caroline Lack; £1000 to his sister Mrs. Tatham; £3000 to Leonard Strode Cobham; £2000 each to Gerald Tatham, Lionel Tatham, Sara Lack, Louisetta Lack, Ida Lack, and Margaret Lack; £1000 to Bertram Tatham; and the residue to his nephews and nieces.

The will of Mrs. Melinda Everilda Smith, of 26, St. Mary Abbotts Terrace, Kensington, widow, who died on Nov. 10, is proved, and the value of the property sworn at £30,181, all of which goes to her children, Sidney Frederick, Melinda Maude, Blanche Fanny Churchyard, Mary Alice Charles, and Everilda Maria Rogers.

The will and codicil of Mrs. Anne Dalrymple, of Mayes, Warnham, Sussex, widow, who died on Feb. 15, are proved by Major Francis Bertram Dalrymple and Bernard E. H. Bircham, the value of the property being £126,173. The testatrix gives the furniture and household effects to her son; £6000 each to her grandchildren, Gwendoline Mary Dalrymple and Donald Dalrymple; £1000 to her grandson Ion Douglas Dalrymple; £100 each to the executors; £100 to Katharine D. Halsey; small legacies to servants and others; and the residue to her grandsons Bertram Hope Dalrymple, Reginald Henry Dalrymple, Gerald Hew Dalrymple, and Ion Douglas Dalrymple.

The will and three codicils of Mr. Charles Cecil Capel, of Dover Street, Ryde, formerly of 92, Mount Street, W., who died on Dec. 13, are now proved, the value of the property being £113,448. The testator gives £10,000 to Walter Bainbridge; £20,000 to his sister-in-law Emmeline Caroline Capel; £20,000 to John Isaac Barton; £1000 to the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum; £2000 to the Rev. Hugh W. Johnston; £2500 to William H. P. F. Thurkell; £2000 to Rose Barton; £5000 each to Ebenezer Muirhead and Ada Malcomson; and the residue to John Isaac Barton.

The will of the Dowager Countess of Essex, of Cowley House, Uxbridge, who died on Jan. 25, is proved by Admiral Sir Algernon C. F. Heneage, brother, and William Francis Fladgate, the value of the property being £15,336. She gives oil paintings of Nell Gwynne and Lady Harriet Capell to the Earl of Essex; other pictures, miniatures, china, etc. to her step-children Lady Beatrice Capell and the Hon. Arthur Capell; an annuity of £100 to her step-mother, Mrs. Campbell M. Heneage; £250, an annuity of £80, and her wearing apparel to her maid Augustine Beauvard; £50 to William F. Fladgate; legacies to servants; and the residue to her said brother.

The will of Mr. Thomas Wyatt, of Hillside, Crediton, Devon, late of Messrs. Hill Bros., Old Bond Street, who died on Jan. 9, is proved, the value of the property being £77,265. He gave £400 to the Vicar and Churchwardens of Newton St. Cyres for the poor; and the residue to numerous nephews and nieces.

The will of Mr. William Allen, of Worksop, Notts, a director of the Worksop and Retford Brewery Company, Ltd., who died on Nov. 9, is proved and the value of the property sworn at £158,435. He gives £400 and during widowhood £1000 a year, or an annuity of £200 should she again marry, to his wife; £100 each to the executors; and the residue in trust for his children.

The will of Mr. Edward Allfree Smithers, of The Gables, Furze Hill, Hove, who died on Feb. 5, is proved, and the value of the property sworn at £87,480. He gives £200 and The Gables and furniture to his wife; £200 each to Frank Alfred Wooley, George Cheesman, and Laurence F. Thring; £100 each to Mary Cleland Clarke and Henry Mills Welstord; and the residue as to one-half in trust for his wife for life, and subject thereto the whole in trust for his children.

The following important wills have been proved:—

Mr. William Walmsley, Cardigan Road, Headingley, Leeds	£169,559
Mr. Henry Hudson Church, Shornells, Bostall Heath, Plumstead	£87,463
Mr. Thomas Taylor, Brookfield, Tonge Bridge, Bolton	£82,742
Mrs. Sarah Barclay, 11, Kensington Court Mansions	£36,719
Mr. James McMurtrie, 5, Belvedere Road, Durdham Park, Bristol	£14,319

THE KING'S AUNT AT A FAMOUS FRENCH WATERING-PLACE: PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG ARRIVING AT THE VERNET FLOWER SHOW.

Vernet-les-Bains, whose Flower Show, held recently, was attended by Princess Henry of Battenberg, is a health and pleasure resort of Southern France much frequented both in winter and summer. It is beautifully situated, in the Department of the Pyrénées Orientales, at the foot of Mont Canigou, the giant of the eastern Pyrenees.

AT ONE OF LONDON'S "LUNGS" WHICH HAS ATTAINED HOME RULE: THE BEACH AT SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, RECENTLY MADE A COUNTY BOROUGH.

Southend has obtained Home Rule; that is, it has been made a County Borough, and as regards local government has ceased to be part of the county of Essex. The Mayor, Alderman Joseph Francis, gave a luncheon on the 1st to 250 guests to celebrate the occasion. Since 1892, when it was granted a charter of incorporation, the population of Southend has increased from 12,500 to 82,000, and the town has grown in proportion. Its attractions as a holiday resort are so well known to Londoners (who can reach it by train in forty-five minutes) that it is hardly necessary to describe them. Our photograph shows the Chalkwell esplanade and the beach at West Cliff.

Building up the SIZAIRE-BERWICK Chassis.

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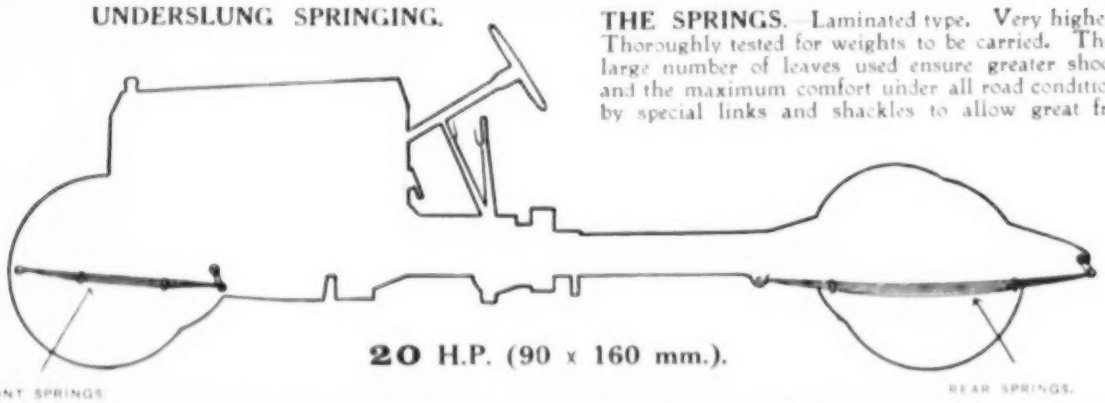
THE SPRINGS.—Laminated type. Very highest quality spring steel. Thoroughly tested for weights to be carried. The unusual length and large number of leaves used ensure greater shock-absorbing qualities and the maximum comfort under all road conditions. Secured to frame by special links and shackles to allow great freedom of movement.



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ALL ENGLISH LEVER.
In Heavy 18-ct. Cases.
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Sold with "Our Certificate of Warranty."
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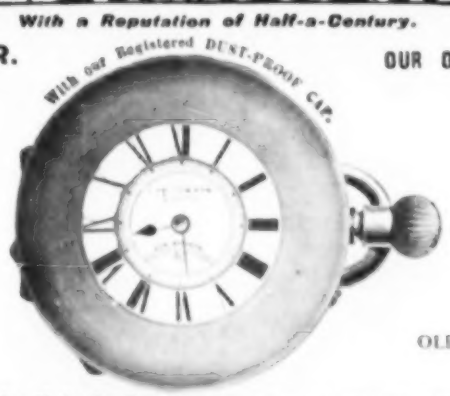

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In Sterling Silver Cases.
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£5 5 0
Half or Full Hunters, 30/- extra.
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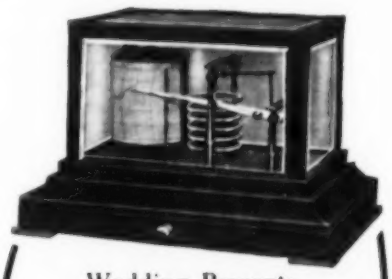
Sample of each with 32-p. book free from nearest depot: Newbery, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London; R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller Marlean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole props., Boston, U.S.A.



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Cases in Oak or Mahogany. Prices from £4 4 0 to £27 10 0

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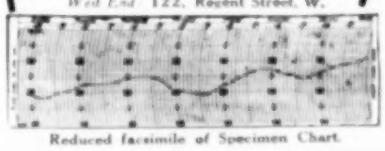

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Price 8/-, of all Chemists.

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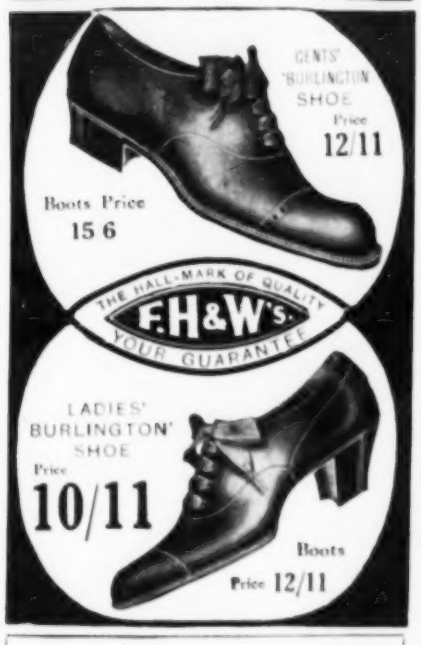

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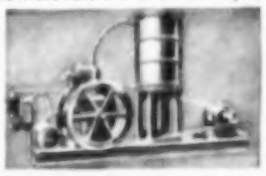
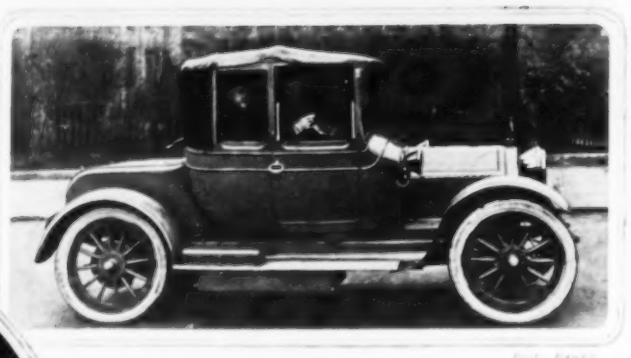


THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Have We Too Many Accessories?

On my way up to town the other day I caught sight of the contents-bill of a motoring journal, on which was set forth the query which heads this paragraph. I have not read the article in question, mainly because I am averse from having my opinions moulded, even unconsciously, by another person's ideas, but the title has set me thinking until I have arrived at the conclusion that we most certainly have too many accessories hung about our cars. I do not blame the people who make them, because theirs is the question of business, and, besides, it is difficult to put one's hand on any one of the superfluities which can be called useless or only made to tempt money out of the motorist's pocket. On the whole, motor-car accessories are singularly free from that fault. They are generally such things as have a distinct use or convenience, or in some way add to the pleasure and luxury of our motoring.

In considering the equipment of the car, the first thing the sensible motorist will do is to make up his mind thoroughly as to what are necessities and what more properly fall under the heading of "accessories" in the more limited meaning of the word. For example, the horn is not an accessory—it is a necessity by law and for the safety of the car and the public. But if we equip the car with a pair of these instruments, then obviously one at least is an accessory and is superfluous. Then again, I was looking at a car the other day which was equipped with no fewer than three speedometers, plus an engine-revolution counter. Therefore, in this case at least two speedometers and the counter were accessories within the meaning I have put upon the word. To bring the argument, however, within the lines of the ordinary acceptation of things, I am inclined to the opinion that the makers of accessories have rather overdone the thing. We are offered all sorts and conditions of fitments, nearly all of them useful and all of them costing good money. From dashboard clocks and petrol-gauges to muff-warmers for our lady passengers, their name is legion, and the great trouble is that we do not know where to stay our hands in the matter of buying them. But before we can get to a conclusion on the main point, it is necessary to make up our minds as to what really cannot be done without. That, I am afraid, is a matter that each must settle for himself. So far as I am myself concerned, the equipment of the car is limited to things of essential use. On the dash, nothing but the electric lighting switchboard, speedometer, and clock, and in the tool-box nothing outside the usual kit of tools but a petrol-filler. I do not believe in "gadgets" at all, and therefore regard all "accessories" outside of these as being quite superfluous. It follows then that in my opinion the question at issue is to be answered in a distinct affirmative; but tastes differ, and I have no doubt that many readers of this note will disagree entirely. As I have said, the question of the car's equipment is entirely a matter for the individual.

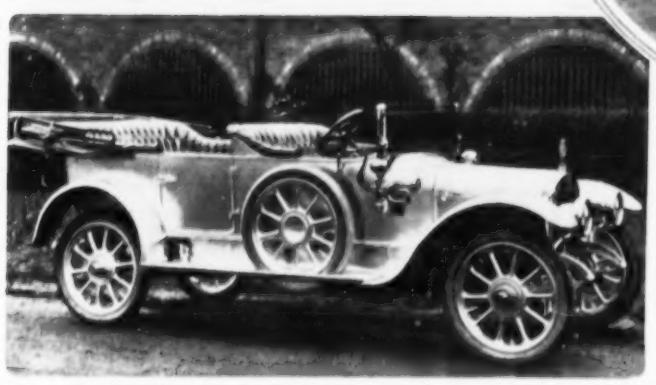


FITTED WITH TRIPLEX SAFETY GLASS: A 15-18-H.P. BEDFORD CABRIOLET COUPÉ.

This car was recently supplied to the Managing-Director of the Triplex Safety Glass Company, Mr. Reginald Delpech. The coach-work is by Messrs. Wills and Parsons, of Croydon. It provides a very neat way of carrying the spare wheel, in a drawer under the running-board.

A CAR THAT HAS COVERED MUCH GROUND IN AUSTRALIA: A VAUXHALL ON THE SOUTH COAST ROAD, NEW SOUTH WALES.

The photograph was sent by a well-known Australian motorist, Mr. R. J. McGregor, whose Vauxhall car went out to him in 1911 and has since done a great deal of hard work.



A SUFFOLK DOCTOR'S CAR: A 10-H.P. AUSTIN SPECIAL "VITESSE" MODEL.

This car, which has been bought by Dr. J. Aylen, of Halesworth, Suffolk, has a body of painted aluminium. It is fitted with Austin detachable steel wheels, spare wheel with studded tyre, waterproof canvas hood, wind-screen, and dynamo lighting system.

Vandalism in the Country.

There seems to be quite an outcry about vandalism among the hedgerows, caused by the cutting down of hedges and the trimming of trees in order to make the roads safer for modern traffic. I have every sympathy with those who wish to preserve the beauties of the countryside, as witness the somewhat strong views I have always expressed with regard to the erection of wayside signs and hoardings, but I really do think that this latest protest is founded upon something very nearly approaching crassness of mind. It is not as though the trimming operations were being carried out ruthlessly all over the country, on lanes and on by-roads as well as on main highways. Much as I admire the English hedgerow, one cannot ignore the fact that as a potentiality for danger it has enormous possibilities, and where it is a menace to traffic by reason of obscuration of the view round corners or curves, it must be sacrificed. After all, the roads are made to be used by traffic and not as the playgrounds of beauty seekers. I don't want to be considered a vandal. Indeed, I yield to no one in my appreciation of rural beauty, but I am at the same time sufficiently practical

WARKWORTH GOLF COURSE, NORTHUMBERLAND.

DUNLOP—FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TYRE INDUSTRY. The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Aston Cross, Birmingham; and 14, Regent St., London, S.W.; Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll; Berlin, S.W.: 14, Alexandrinenstrasse, etc.

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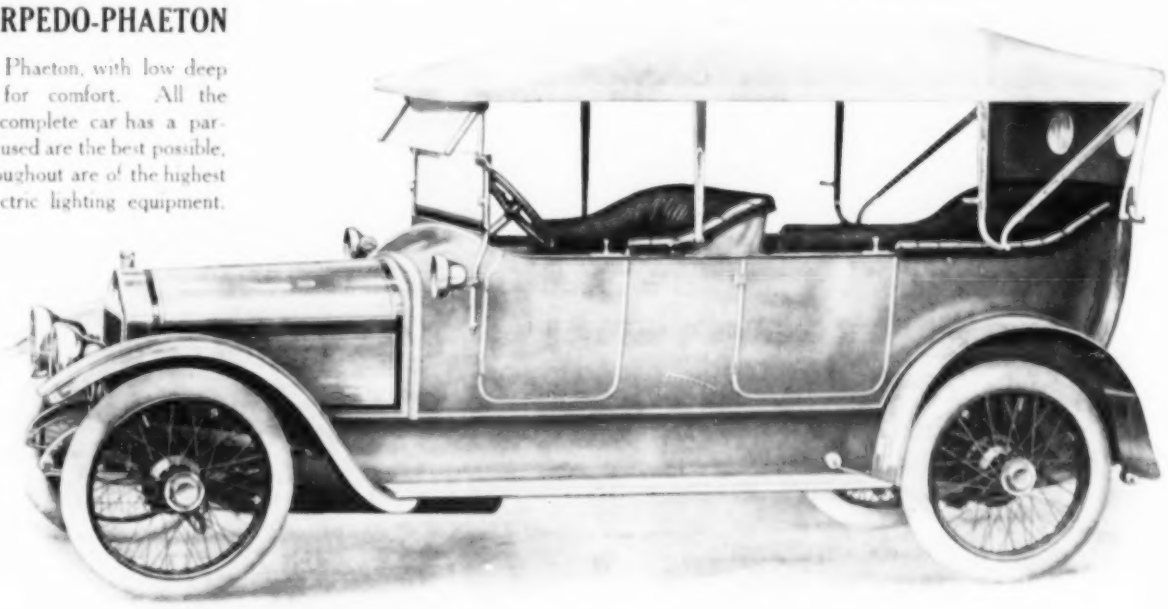
THE new Wolseley Torpedo - Phaeton, with low deep seats, is specially designed for comfort. All the control levers are enclosed, and the complete car has a particularly clean outline. The materials used are the best possible, and the workmanship and finish throughout are of the highest grade. The car is fitted with electric lighting equipment.



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16-20 h.p. FOUR-CYLINDER engine $3\frac{5}{16}$ in. bore x $4\frac{3}{4}$ in. stroke. R.A.C. Rating 20·1. Four speeds and reverse. Tax £6 6 0.

BODY—Flush-sided, to seat five, with deep scuttle dashboard.

UPHOLSTERING. In best leather, buttoned and pleated, with buttoned cushions.

HOOD—Wolseley Patent "one man" type, of best waterproof canvas.

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WHEELS—Four R.W. Detachable wire wheels, with 815 x 105 mm. tyres.

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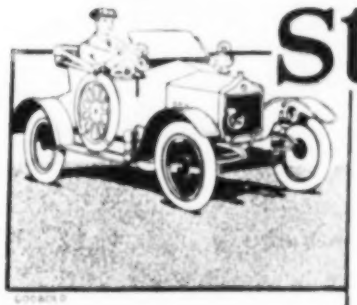

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50 Miles to the Gallon with Three Up.

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Price Complete £195

Hood, Screen, Horn, 3 Lamps, Spare Wheel, Tyre, Tools, etc.

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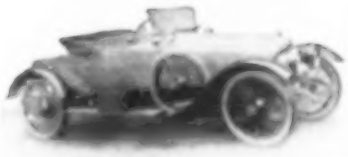
Don't Wait; make your choice **NOW.**

Full particulars of cars in stock and coming through will be sent on application



London Office: CHAS. JARROTT & LETTS, Limited, 65, Gt. Marlborough Street.

CROSSLEY MOTORS, Limited, Dept. I.N., Gorton Lane, MANCHESTER.

(Continued.)

to be able to face facts and to put the safety of the highway before my love of the beautiful. Moreover, if I want beauty I know that I shall be more likely to find it among the lanes than on the highways, and it is there I shall seek it. Apart altogether from my close association with and interest in automobilism, I have very little patience with those who so persistently attack the motor-car and the motorist for their many supposed sins against the community. I don't want to accuse them of being old-fashioned or anything of that sort, but they really ought to remember that the motor-car is a logical product of a progressive age, and that to rail against it only makes themselves look ridiculous, the while it does not, and will not, set back the hands of the clock by a single minute.

FROM FRANCE TO ENGLAND: SOME SIZAIRE-BERWICK CHASSIS FROM PARIS RECEIVED AT FOLKESTONE FOR ENGLISH PURCHASERS.

The London agents for Sizaire-Berwick cars are Messrs. F. W. Berwick and Co., of 18, Berkeley Street, Piccadilly, W.

A Good French Car. A short while since I had a 15 h.p. Knight-engined Bellanger car placed at my disposal for an extended trial. This is a car which is not as yet well known in this country, though I fancy that if one or two details of the chassis are altered it will rapidly make its way into public favour. So far as the running of the car is concerned, that leaves nothing at all to be desired. It hardly needs to be said that the motor is silent in its working. It is a sleeve-valve engine, and, as such, must be silent. Moreover, it pulls very well indeed at all speeds, and is particularly good when asked to do collar-work at a low revolution rate—a characteristic of most engines of the sleeve-valve type. The transmission is much quieter than in the generality of French cars, this feature being particularly noticeable in the case of the gear-box, which is quite reasonably quiet on the lower gears. Control is easy, and the steering very good indeed—in fact, there are all the makings of a very fine car. There is one point, however, in which I think a good deal of improvement is necessary, and that is in the matter of the rear-wheel brakes. These are, so far as my personal opinion is worth anything, distinctly on the small side for a chassis of the power and weight, and were they not supplemented by a very powerful foot-brake, I should say the car was under-braked. As a matter of fact, I have called the attention of the makers to this point, which they assure me will be altered in the very near future. If that is done and really adequate brakes are fitted, I shall be able to congratulate the Bellanger people on producing a really fine vehicle.

Continental Successes. The 100-kilometres race for cars, which was held last week at Le Mans, was regarded as the most important event of *L'Auto* Tour de France, which has now been completed. The "General Class" and the "sixth category" were both won by a Pierron car, and the "second category" by a Bugatti, both of which were shod with Continental tyres. This success completes a series of brilliant wins for this mark of tyre since the opening of the season, as they were victorious in the hill-climbing and speed-tests and in the Paris-Nice-Monte Carlo cycle-car run, all of which events were included in the Tour.

A Well-Known Light Car. The G. W. K. light car is now so well known, and has proved its reliability in so many trials, many of them of the most severe description, that it is not a matter of great surprise to learn that its manufacturers have turned their attention to the commercial vehicle. A separate factory has been erected at Maidenhead for the purpose. With some additional strength, the chassis is much the same as is employed for the G. W. K. touring model. The carrying capacity is about 5 cwt., so that it will prove specially suitable for grocers, drapers, butchers, confectioners, laundrymen, and allied trades. The price is £155 complete.

Dunlops Score Again. Mr. P. H. Dodson, whose name is associated with a popular motor-car, has returned to England after a lengthy tour in Australia and a visit to South Africa. In a 2000-miles journey across the Australian continent, as well as in motor trips at the Cape, Mr. Dodson used none except Dunlop tyres on his Valveless cars, and never touched a single one for any cause whatever. When the vehicles were sold delivery was taken with the original tyres on, and the wonderful condition the Dunlops were in after punishing adventures was remarked. Mr. Dodson drove the Valveless to the top of Cape Point, a feat never before accomplished, the gradient being in parts 1 in 7 and 1 in 5.

W. Whittall.

FROM SCOTLAND TO SOUTH AFRICA: SOME ARGYLL SINGLE-SLEEVE-VALVE CARS ON THE PARADE AT CAPE TOWN.

The cars are streamline models. In the background of the photograph is Table Mountain.

Reputation is not built up in a day!

It takes years of strenuous careful study and business men of high ability, assisted by devoted skilled artisans to create and maintain a reputation. Years of experimenting were necessary to establish for

Continental Oversize Nonskid Tyres

the Reputation they hold

The riveting of the specially hardened Steel Studs into the very fabric of the Tread is the 'Continental' secret. That is why you never see 'Continental' Studs among the many which are found embedded in the road. Stud shedding has become an impossibility, which, in conjunction with Quality and Construction guarantees the 'Continental'

Consistent Highest Average Mileage

Continental Solid

'T' Pattern Tyres

FOR HEAVY COMMERCIAL VEHICLES

THE CONTINENTAL TYRE & RUBBER CO. (Great Britain) LTD.
THURLOE PLACE, LONDON, S.W.

A41

MISCELLANEOUS.

THERE has come to hand an interesting booklet issued by the Waltham Watch Company, whose time-keepers are justly celebrated for accuracy and reliability. There are over 20,000,000 Waltham watches in use to-day. The makers urge purchasers to spend most on the movement of a watch, not on the case, and they especially recommend, for men, "Riverside Maximus," "Vanguard," and "Crescent Street"; and, for ladies, "Diamond," "Riverside Maximus," and "Lady Waltham." The booklet telling the interesting story of these famous watches is issued by the Waltham Watch Company, 125, High Holborn, London, W.C. They will send a copy gratis and post free to any of our readers on receipt of a post-card.

Easter holiday-makers, and those who are thinking of spending an early vacation, should secure a copy of "Holiday Haunts" for 1914. This popular official handbook is now ready for distribution, and it would be difficult to imagine a more comprehensive and practical guide-book for travellers over the Great Western Railway system. Profusely illustrated and interestingly written, the 1914 "Holiday Haunts" is a vade-mecum of useful travel information, designed not only to furnish particulars of travelling facilities, but to make a holiday of vital interest and peculiar pleasure. The book is obtainable at all G.W.R. stations and offices, price threepence, or from the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, W., post-free for sixpence.

Under our illustrations of the Grand National in our issue of April 4 we said, on the authority of statements in the daily Press, that the winning horse, Sunloch, was once sold for £200 and returned as a "whistler" (*i.e.* touched in the wind), and had been in the market for as little as £50. We are asked by Miss F. M. Tyler, daughter of Sunloch's owner, Mr. T. Tyler, to contradict these statements, and we willingly accede to her request. Miss Tyler writes: "Sunloch was never offered for sale under £300 and he was not returned as a whistler. My father bought him direct from his breeder, Mr. Black, of Frisby, so he has only been in Mr. Black's stable and ours. My father bid Mr. Black £250 for him as a four-year-old, and bought him last October for £315."

CHESS.

J. G. Templer (Eagles Cliffe, R.S.O.).—If your problem proves sound on further examination, we shall have much pleasure in publishing it.

W. H. Taylor (Westcliff-on-Sea).—Corrections duly received.

F. J. Overton (Sutton Coldfield).—It is not the least of the penalties of making a mistake that we have to suffer such letters as yours.

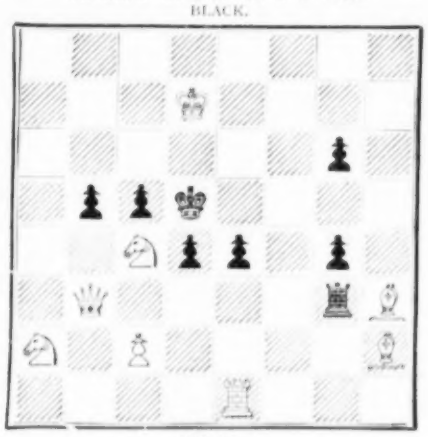
J. Fowler.—Nothing has been heard of late, and, so far as we know, the matter is still in abeyance. It is likely to remain so as long as money and not honour is the main object of the contest.

H. Maxwell Prideaux.—Quite clever and most acceptable.

E. Pulglase (Bristol).—We shall be pleased to see the new problem in place of that previously sent.

PROBLEM No. 3647. By M. L. Pence.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Solution of Problem No. 3641. By M. L. Pence.

WHITE	BLACK
1. Q to R sq	K to B 3rd or 5th
2. Q to K Kt sq	Any move
3. Q mates.	

If Black play, 1. K to Q 4th, 2. Q to K sq; and, 1. P takes P; then 2. Q to K Kt sq, and mates next move.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 3640 received from J. Murray (Quebec) and J. W. Beaty (Toronto); of No. 3641 from J. W. Beaty, J. Murray, and C. Barretto (Madrid); of No. 3642 from Henry A. Seller (Denver, Colo., U.S.A.) and C. Barretto; of No. 3643 from W. C. D. Smith (Northampton), Julia Short (Exeter), A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Hyères), E. W. Thomas (Aberystwyth), Rev. J. Christie (Redditch), and F. J. Overton (Sutton Coldfield); of No. 3644 from J. C. Stackhouse (Torquay), Arthur Perry (Dublin), J. G. Locke (Hassick), and C. P.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 3645 received from H. Maxwell Prideaux, J. Willcock (Shrewsbury), J. Green (Boulogne), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), J. Fowler, R. Worters (Canterbury), J. Smart, H. Grasett Baldwin (Plymouth), W. H. Silk (Birmingham), Rev. J. Christie, F. J. Overton, H. S. Brandreth (Chicago), Mark Dawson (Horsforth), J. Cohn (Berlin), J. G. Theodore (Kilburn), F. Warren (Derby), L. Schlu (Vienna), W. Dittlof Jassens, John Isaacson (Liverpool), M. E. Onslow (Bournemouth), and A. H. Arthur (Bath).

CHESS IN LONDON.

Games played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club.

(*Queen's Pawn Game.*)

WHITE (Mr. E. Lasker)	BLACK (Mr. S. Wood)	WHITE (Mr. E. Lasker)	BLACK (Mr. S. Wood)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	Black has a bad game, but this makes it hopeless. Q takes Q would see a Pawn, but otherwise gives a fighting chance.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	B to B 4th		
3. P to B 4th	P to Q B 3rd		
4. Q to Kt 3rd	Q to B 2nd		
5. P takes P	P takes P	9. Q to R 4th (ch)	K to Q sq
6. Kt to B 3rd	P to K 3rd	10. Kt to K 5th	Q to B 2nd
7. B to B 4th	Q to Kt 3rd	11. Kt to Kt 5th	Q to K 2nd
8. B takes Kt	R takes B	12. Q to R 5th (ch)	Resigns.

(*Four Knights' Game.*)

WHITE (Mr. A. J. Maas)	BLACK (Mr. J. E. Baker)	WHITE (Mr. A. J. Maas)	BLACK (Mr. J. E. Baker)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. P takes P	P to K R 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	13. B takes Kt	P takes B
3. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	14. Q to R 5th	K to Kt 2nd
4. B to Kt 5th	B to Kt 5th	15. Q R to Q sq	Q to K sq
5. Castles	Castles	16. R to Q 3rd	R to R sq
6. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	17. R to Q 8th	Resigns.
7. B to Kt 5th	Kt to K 2nd		
8. Kt to K R 4th	P to B 3rd		
9. B to Q B 4th	P to Q 4th		
10. B to Kt 3rd	B takes Kt		
11. P takes B	P takes P		

At his twelfth or thirteenth move Black could have equalised by exchanging Queens. White's final stroke is a pretty one.

PEARS' SOAP

Cheerful Children

(A NATURAL CONDITION.)

THE ORDER OF THE BATH

There would be far more cheerful children than there are, if Mothers and Nurses took care never to allow a child's skin to be touched with common soaps that are injurious. Many children are rendered cross and uncomfortable by the coarse ingredients contained in low-grade soaps. To be absolutely protected against these evils, and thereby to add indisputably to the happiness of the young folks, **PEARS' SOAP** should always be used. The undeniably absolute purity of its components, and its dainty emollient quality, constitute an influence that comforts, protects, and beautifies the skin of young or old in a greater degree than any other known substance.

The skin is completely cleansed and refreshed and the complexion kept soft and beautiful by the daily use of

Pears

THE MOST ECONOMICAL OF ALL TOILET SOAPS

The above advertisement was issued by Pears 27 years ago!

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